# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THOUGHTS ON THE CAREER OF MOHAMMED.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABES,

That all events in the progress of human history are under the control of a superintending Providence; that men, though free to will, and free to act, have no power to determine the final result of their agency in human affairs; that the almighty One can use, and the omniscient One does use, the good, the bad, and the indifferent, as instruments, willing or unwilling, to promote his own glory and the interests of humanity; and that, in the final consummation of all things, the grand result will appear consistent with the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the Deity, however untoward may have been the spirit, and perverted the ways of men, are truths taught by revelation, by reason, and by observation.

In looking over the history of the world, we may frequently, after the lapse of a few centuries, trace clearly the course of Providence in educing good from evil. Sometimes, however, the final result of the events evolved from human history may not appear for many thousand years. Yet he who believes in Providence will never suffer himself to despond of good amid the changes and revolutions of time.

In tracing the strange career of Mohammed, and in observing the surprising fact, that, the great cycle of twelve centuries having passed away, his system of religion, false and worthless as it appears to Christians, does yet retain much of life, of power, and of influence, we are led to inquire what could be, and what can yet be, the designs of Providence in permitting so extensive a range, so vast an influence, and so long a period of time to Islamism?

Mohammed was born at Mecca, in Arabia, about the middle of the sixth century. At the time of his birth his father was absent on a journey. While on his way home he fell sick, and died at Medina, without once looking on the face of his only child. Some little property was left; but, being, according to Arabian law and usage, all appropriated to the brothers, the widow and orphan were left homeless and penniless. The mother of Mohammed, by her own energies, protected and maintained him for

six years, when she died, leaving him to the charities of his grandfather, a very aged man, one of the hereditary guardians of the sacred temple of Mecca. After about two years, the venerable man also died, leaving the poor child, at the age of eight years, utterly alone. From family pride, more than from love to the orphan, one of his uncles consented to give him a place in his tent.

The sorrows and bereavements which he had so early suffered; the knowledge of his father's influence, which was lost to him, and property of which he had been unjustly deprived; the memory of his amiable and beautiful mother, who had died in her youth of a broken heart; and the ever-present reality of his own lonely and dependent condition, induced in him habits of serious meditation and anxious thoughts. He would wander away alone over the hills, and sit for hours in some hidden cave, brooding over his hapless lot. At times he would feel conscious of inherent energy and personal power yet to rise, in spite of fate, to a station of influence among his people. He resolved not to yield without a struggle to the force of unfortunate circumstances. "Misfortune," said he, "shall not triumph over me, if I can help it." He began to exhibit indications of an excitable mind, of vivid imagination, of brilliant wit, of quick perception, and of sound judgment.

As soon as he became of available age, he was put by his uncle to business, in mercantile expeditions over the desert. From the age of thirteen to twenty-five, he was constantly engaged in traffic, and in crossing and recrossing the desert with caravans, from Mecca to Damascus. This kind of life afforded no means of acquiring knowledge from books, but great opportunities for becoming acquainted with men. All these advantages he improved in the best possible manner. He observed and he inquired. By the evening fire, and in the noontide shade, he listened to the stories of his fellow-travelers, rehearsing the wonderful things they had seen and heard in many an adventurous expedition. In the marts which he visited, he met strangers from places various and far distant, and often learned from them new and valuable facts. He frequently met Jews and Christians, and learned from them the story of Moses and of Christ. All

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these things he treasured up, and pondered in his heart.

At the age of twenty-five, having become expert in the usual mode of mercantile dealing, he was appointed agent of a wealthy widow, who was continuing the business of caravan traffic, in which her husband had been engaged By his business talents he won the respect, by his honesty the confidence, and by his amiable deportment the love of the lady, and she offered him her heart, her hand, and her fortune. The offer was gratefully accepted; and Mohammed found himself in possession of property sufficient to raise him to distinction in Mecca, and of a wife whose mind and person proved

a greater prize than her fortune.

Being no longer obliged to work for a living, he had leisure for retirement and meditation. The religious office held by his grandfather may have made him early conversant with sacred rites, and disposed him to divine contemplation. Though brought up, as were all his people of that age, an idolater, yet he had learned from the Jews and Christians that great truth, fundamental of all religious truth, that God is One. Idolatry he knew to be wrong in spirit, and degrading in practice. Yet idolatry was the established religion of his people and of his country-idolatry, with its horrid rites, even human sacrifices-idolatry, with its long train of barbarous usages and cruel superstitions. Infanticide, the most unnatural, the most shocking of all crimes, was only one of the fruits of idolatrous, Arabic superstition in the sixth century. Mohammed's own grandfather had escaped sacrifice in infancy only by accident. The terrible destiny of infant sacrifice fell more often on the lovely and beautiful of the race-the female child. The fair and delicate being was permitted to grow up in the family to the age of five or six years, and then, when it had become most interesting to the household and most fond of life, its own father, with his own hands, would thrust it alive into the grave, reckless of its fearful cries and its imploring entreaties. smothering the voice of weeping, and shutting out forever the sunlight from the fair face of the youthful innocent. Such was the religion, such were the dreadful customs, of the people, among whom was cast the lot of Mohammed. Such a religion he determined to subvert-such customs he resolved to abolish. Poetic in temperament, ardent in feeling, sensitive to emotion, imaginative in conception, strong in thought, and bold in enterprise, he applied himself with all his power to the work.

He had no adequate notion of the great scheme of the Divine revelation, of the nature and office of Christ, of the plan of redemption, of the way of salvation, and of the institutions of the Gospel; yet was he in advance, far in advance, immeasurably far in advance of his people. He felt strongly solicitous to reform the national religion, to destroy idolatry, to abolish the cruel rites and ceremonies of the times, and to bring the people back to the primitive faith and pure worship of the patriarchs—

of Abraham, and of Ishmael, and of Moses. His interest in the subject became intense; his retirement became protracted; his meditations became deep and serious. He felt called to become a reformer among the people. He was moved by influences he could not resist, to undertake the hazardous enterprise of changing the opinions, and of subverting the long-established usages of the nation. In the rapturous ecstasies in which he fell, during his hours of lonely meditation, believing himself called by the sovereign One, Creator of the universe, and Ruler of men, to subvert idolatry, and restore the pure worship of Jehovah, he might easily fancy himself favored with heavenly visions.

Returning home one evening, from a day of dreamy reverie, spent in a solitary cave among the mountains, fasting, lying on his back on the ground, his face enveloped in a mantle, engaged deeply in prayer and meditation, he told his wife there had appeared to him a miraculous manifestation-the angel Gabriel-announcing to him the appointment as prophet of the Most High. He expressed, however, some doubt of the reality of the manifestation. It might be a dream, though it appeared to him reality. To his devoted wife his character had always appeared perfect, his motives sincere, and his conduct honorable. She had unlimited confidence in him. To her his unimpeachable character seemed satisfactory evidence of his divine mission. Joyfully, therefore, she received him in his new character, as prophet of God, and encouraged him to doubt not the heavenly vision, but to go boldly forward in the work committed to

Cheered by the influence of his amiable wife, he ventured to communicate the revelation, which he, no doubt, sincerely thought made to him, to a few of his personal friends. He soon gained three other converts to the new faith-his servant, Zeid; his youthful cousin, Ali; and Abubeker, a respectable citizen of Mecca. He then determined to proclaim openly his mission. He invited his kinsfolk to a feast at his own house. There were present about forty persons. After some time spent in eating and in social conversation, Mohammed solemnly arose in their midst, and declared to them his mission. He exposed the folly and the wickedness of idolatry, severely ridiculed the absurdities of popular belief, eulogized the faith of the ancient patriarchs, and told them he was commissioned by God to reclaim them to the religion of Abraham, and of Moses, and of the prophets. But they laughed him to scorn. They pronounced him a fanatic, to whose visionary harangues no sane man should for a moment listen.

Mohammed, however, stood dauntless, and confident in the truth of his doctrines and the divinity of his mission. Being rejected by his kinsfolk, he appealed to the people, and boldly proclaimed his mission, and unceasingly lifted up his voice of warning in the streets of Mecca and in the public places. He was zealous and eloquent. He plied

the force of reasoning; he appealed to the conscience; he touched the heart. The people listened,

and many of them believed.

The tribe of Arabians to which Mohammed belonged was of priestly prerogative. To it was consigned the administration of religious affairs. They began to fear their craft might be in danger. Mohammed was becoming popular. Should he succeed in undermining and overthrowing the established religion, their occupation would be gone. They resolved, therefore, to crush him. They first charged him with heresy and apostasy. But he still made converts. They then entered into a vow of proscription, withdrawing all business and social intercourse from him and his family, till he should cease inveighing against the religious usages, and declaiming against the religious faith of the country. But the league, though faithfully kept and stricly enforced by the confederates, had no influence on Mohammed. Still he preached, and still the people believed. Then they resolved to end his troublesome pretensions by assassination, and appointed a large committee to carry out the plot. The conspirators surrounded his house in the night, intending to assassinate him whenever he should go out in the morning. But he had been informed of the stratagem, and had escaped, and hid himself, with his faithful adherent, Abubeker, in a cave. In the morning the assassins, finding he had eluded them, went in pursuit of them, and passed right by the mouth of the cave in which the fugitives were concealed. As Abubeker heard them tramping about the cavern, he whispered in terror to Mohammed, "There are many of them, and only two of us." "Say, rather, three of us," said the fearless Moham-med; "for God is here." As soon as his pursuers were gone, Mohammed arose, left his cave, and fled to Medina, where he was gladly received and chivalrously protected. This flight to Medina is called the hegira, and is the era from which time is reckoned in Mohammedan countries.

Immediately on getting fairly established in Medina, he built, laboring at it with his own hands, a house of worship, in which he preached and enforced his doctrines. Converts were rapidly multiplied. He soon found himself at the head of a powerful and enthusiastic party, ready to go with him to battle,

to prison, or to death.

Thus far we find in his course little to censure, and much to approve. But the means which he afterward used to increase his influence, and to propagate his religious system, were "evil, only evil, and that continually." With the design evidently of imposing on the credulity of his followers, he pretended to receive frequent revelations from Heaven; and for the purpose of punishing his persecutors, and enforcing his doctrines, he marshaled his followers, and went forth to battle against the unbelievers, whom he conquered in a series of brilliant engagements, till all Arabia lay prostrate before him, and submissive to him.

Far be from me the disposition to approve of

imposture or of war, yet would I not withhold my admiration from one, who, in a dark age, and among a barbarous people, by the energies of his own mind, without the influence of friends or the advantages of education, dared to undertake, and succeeded in establishing, reform in the religion and the usages of his people. Nor would I require of Mohammed a character founded on the model of Christianity, or of the Greek and Roman philosophy. Of Christianity he knew theoretically little, and experimentally nothing. Of Grecian literature and Roman civilization he was profoundly ignorant. More justly might we compare him with the Montezumas of Mexico, or the Incas of Peru, or the Indian brave of the North American forests. Nor would I withhold from him the meed of praise for many private virtues. He maintained, according to the moral code of the country and the times, an unsullied reputation. In the midst of his elevation and his power, he lived in very simple style, affecting no dignity of state, putting on no airs, and indulging in no luxurious living. Considering the age in which he lived, and the society with whom he associated, I must pronounce him a remarkable man, of consummate talents, and of many amiable virtues.

But whatever estimate we may place on the character of Mohammed, none will, none can deny, that his system of religion, even in its worst form, was vastly superior, both in theory and in practice, to the Arabian idolatry. Nor was Mohammedanism confined in space to Arabia, nor in time to the cycle of the sixth century. His successors ran a brilliant race, and erected a throne of dazzling renown, of irresistible power, and of indefinite duration. A century from the death of the Prophet had passed, and the Mohammedan empire extended from the Indus to the Atlantic. Eight centuries had passed, and the renowned empire of the eastern Cæsars, with all its wealth and magnificence, was absorbed in the Saracen domain. Twelve centuries have passed, and the end is not yet. The crescent yet waves over the palaces of the city of Constantine on the Bosphorus, over the valley of the Nile, and over Jerusalem, once the city of the great King.

It may yet be too early for us to solve the providential problem presented in the history of Mohammedanism. The existence for twelve hundred years of a system of religion wholly useless, worse than useless, as a plan of salvation-a system which, whatever good it may have done, in civilizing the barbarous tribes of the east, in cherishing, during the dark ages, the light of literature, and in holding in check the power of Antichrist, can never save a soul, nor make human nature perfect-is one of the inscrutable mysteries in the permissive administration of Providence. Some other observer, placed on a point of time thousands of years now future, may be able, looking back over the past, and reading the observations there recorded, to calculate the end, both of time and of purpose, which the omniscient and almighty One has fixed for the

winding up of the matter, and for the solution of the mystery. Till that day, we must wait, patiently wait, knowing that with the Lord a thousand years are only as one day. In our interest and curiosity we may inquire, as did Daniel the prophet, "O, my Lord, what shall be the end of these things?" And we may receive the same answer, "Go thy way, for the words are closed up, and sealed till the time of the end."

## MARRIED LIFE.

BY MRS, BLIZABETH W. TRUE.

Mn. Editor,—Perhaps you remember a young couple, who, a few years ago, found themselves at your house on a happy visit, away east in one of our smallest states, and who, before they left, took the marriage vow upon themselves, and were by you pronounced husband and wife, in the name of the holy Trinity.

Having reminded you of this circumstance—in this way introducing myself to you as one of that newly wedded pair—perhaps you will give me the liberty to say something of married life to the ladies who read the Repository. What I have to say will be more appropriate to young ladies yet unmarried than to others; for to others my thoughts will have become familiar by their own experience.

The particular feature in the disposition and expression of the wife and the mother of which I wish to speak is uniform cheerfulness. When we are living alone in the world-in other words, when we are not necessarily connected with and surrounded by those who watch our countenances as they would thermometers, that would indicate to them the temperature of the air they must breathe-we may sometimes indulge an inclination to look upon the somber pages of this life's book, so that our faces shall, for a little time, contract some of their shades without troubling any one. But when we come to be seated where a husband looks us in the face every time he looks up, and children are turning their reading eyes to us from either side, it is then we can have no time to indulge in melancholy, though, for variety's sake, it might sometimes be sweet to us.

I do not suppose that any of the readers of the Repository can be so uncultivated as to have a tendency to fits of ill-nature; so that it is not in such feelings that I am saying the wife will have no opportunity to indulge. Neither do I speak of mute, weeping fits; for any woman, however young, must see that such behavior would greatly mar, if not utterly destroy, sooner or later, the peculiar happiness of the husband and wife, parents and children, in their organized capacity. I only wish to say, that she who enters the marriage relation, and thus becomes a vital organ in the family constitution, must calculate upon a vigorous cultivation of her own feelings, which shall result in perpetual cheer-

fulness. She can hardly be allowed the natural expression of her full heart, as her family friends are called away by death, and the home of her childhood made desolate; for she will see that, while she indulges her grief in outward expression, the current of joy which flows through her own house is fast diminishing. One child says, "Mother, what makes you look so sad?" and another says, "I can not eat, if you don't, mother;" while the husband, by his looks, seems to entreat that his wife may have no more sorrow. And, indeed, I do not wonder that the husband and children feel uneasy and unhappy when the wife and mother is in sadness; for I remember that, when I have been a mere boarder in a family, my contentment and happiness there depended more than half upon the cheerfulness of her who, for the time, was "the mother of us all." How can a woman make her family happy-and, in so saying, we ask, How can she be happy herself?unless at the outset, when she enters the marriage state, she resolves upon living strictly for others? And while she is living for others, they are learning to live for her. There is more than one case in which he or she who will lose life shall save it.

But while she who is wife and mother resolves upon being always cheerful for her family's sake, which must be, perhaps, sometimes in despite of her own first impulses, she is doing the greatest favor to herself. She acquires the habit of catching a view at once of the clearest and brightest touches of the picture of any of the dispensations which she and her family may be called to live under; and though sometimes there may be a good deal of darkness in some of them, so that the living souls with whom she is united do almost sink in sorrow, she can sing and rejoice among them, and before they are aware they will be joining in with the song of an angel. By this means she not only raises up those who live in her heart and in her life when they are cast down, but she is herself saved from the wearing and destroying influence of grief and gloom. And in giving herself this cultivation, little does she know what future solitary hours she is preparing to make comfortable to herself, when her dearest ones shall have been separated from her by that something which intervenes between this world and the world of immortality.

And surely there is no lack of material from which to extract the spirit of immortal joys, even while in this world. The hope, the unequivocal expectation which we have of living forever, and the privilege we have of preparing for an introduction into the purest and most intelligent society in the universe, whose converse we shall enjoy eternally, and, added to this, the assurance of freedom from all sorrow and sickness, pain and death, either to endure ourselves, or to see our friends endure, which is given us as we enter there—is not this enough? Is it not enough to dissipate the momentary shades which some of the scenes of this world bring along with them?

But even here most of our dark clouds are seen

in the distance, and before they get to us they will have scattered away. We shall see comparatively little darkness in this life, if we do not get a habit of contemplating the distant clouds, instead of the circle of light that immediately surrounds us. Yet there are some clouds that hover down over us, and some storms that pour out their fury very near us; but who ever felt them touch even the hair of the head, or obscure, in the least, the light of the eye, after having got close under the shadow

of the Almighty?

But can the wife be cheerful when she is worn down with fatigue or all prostrate with sickness? Have we never seen sick people cheerful? and tired ones, too? But can the mother be cheerful when her children die? Did we never see smiles shining through tears? Did we never hear a sacred song immediately after a sigh? Can not the mother raise her eyes from the grave of her child up to heaven, and see its new inhabitant a thousand times safer and happier there than she could make it here? And though she grieves in having to endure a short separation, can she not rejoice that the way is open, and a guide standing by, by whom she may surely be conducted to the very region of bliss where the angelic being lives who called her mother, and from whom, when once she is there, she will never again be separated? And has she not comforts left her here, in the enjoyment of which she can be cheerful? Is she not willing to take this short scene of life as it is, being given by our God for the trial and cultivation of those who wish to be fitted for a higher state of holiness and joy? Then, can she not rejoice in all the discipline that a Father's hand brings with it, whether it be daily, and in small matters, or occasionally, and in the deeply affecting ones? Why can we not take this day of time for what it is-the season of discipline, and not of final reward? In so taking it, we shall not find it so very difficult to be always cheerful.

#### THE POOR SINNER.

The following extremely pungent words conclude an address to the sinner by a divine of the olden times. Outspoken plainness is so little relished by multitudes in the present day, that a minister who does not pour forth honey and oil to his auditors is very apt to be pronounced a bigot or a fool. But

to the paragraph:

"The world, the flesh, and the devil have drawn you away from God; and you flatter yourself that they will treat you very handsomely. You think yourself their guest. Behold! the board is spread. Sit down, poor fool, to the poisoned viands! Drink cheerfully of that cup of death! Sing and be merry; for you have broken out of the hand of your Savior; and there is as little purity in hell as yourself could desire."

## "JESUS PLEURA."

BT MRS. H. M. FLETCHER.

To Mademoiselle M. M., on the death of her dearest earthly friend at Mazatlan, in Mexico.

Un souffie de la mort a passé sur ta vie!
O! pleure seulement ton bonheur envolé,
Ta foi dans l'avenir, la fleur qui t'est ravie.
Enfant! près d'un tombeau, ton Sauveur a pleuré!

Sur ton sentier brillant, une omtre s'est glissée Pendant que tu chantais, vers toi elle a passé! Tu cherches maintenant, ta colombe envolée. Enfant! près d'un tombeau, ton Sauveur a pleuré!

Avec un saint espoir tu révais sur la terre Un long jour de bonheir, avec lui partagé! Mais, maintenant, sans lui ta vie est un mystére. Enfant! près d'un tombeau, ton Sauveur a pleuré!

Le coeur rempli d'amour, par son amour bercée, Tu jouissais en Dieu; Dieu t'avait tout douné! Tu aimais avec foi; . . . tu ètais tant aimeé! . . . Enfant, près d'un tombeau, ton Sauveur a pleuré!

O! pleure près de lui! pleure sur cette vie Fauchée à sou matin, comme la fleur du pré! Mais crois que dans le ciel, encor pour toi Il prie! Enfant! près d'un tombeau, ton Sauveur a pleuré!

O mort! si ta main froide èteint mon espérance, Et froisse avec mépris, mon pauvre coeur brisé, Oui! je me souviendrai, . . adorant en silence, Qún jour, près d'un tombeau, mon Sauveur a pleuré!

#### THE DEW-DROP.

BY G. G. BAXE.

The livelong day a thoughtless flower Enjoyed the genial light, Forgetting that the sunny hour Must change to somber night.

But when the darkening hour at last O'ertook the trembling one, It mourned the careless moments past, Regardless of the sun.

And ere his rays, with orient light,
The hills and vales had drest,
The weeping flower a dew-drop bright
Had cradled on its breast.

And now it held the jewel up,
With grateful praise and prayer,
And showed the sun, within its cup,
His image shining there.

Thus thoughtless man, when sorrow's night Has lent its chastening rod, Seeks tearfully the ruby bright, Which sweetly shadows God.

### THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

Happy is the traveler who has arrived safely in the vale of Chamouny; for common consent makes this the spot where all the interest in a tour through Switzerland is concentrated. This is an error that time and tourists, especially the English, have done much to perpetuate; the latter principally by devoting a larger portion of their observations to Chamouny than to any, or perhaps all other parts of Switzerland; for, although Chamouny and Mont Blanc are in reality in Savoy, their Swiss beauties have so closely connected them with the Switzer's home that the mere tourist knows no distinction.

Still, without Chamouny Switzerland would be without its purest brilliant; and though it has received more than its share of attention, we shall, nevertheless, not let it suffer the sad experience of the world in a reverse of fortune. The vale takes its name from a small village that is termed Chamouny, or the Priory, which is seated deeply in its bosom, at the base of Mont Blanc, and was founded as far back as the eleventh century, as a convent of Benedictine monks About a century ago it was first penetrated by English travelers, and by them made known to the world. The valley lies very high among the mountains, and the approach from Geneva is nearly one continuous ascent, extending some thirty miles between the high mountain ranges. Its most peculiar character is its nearly total absence of level land. From the rapid Arve that flows through it the sides of the valley commence an immediate rise, till they are lost in the neighboring summits.

The quiet hamlet of Chamouny presented a most charming appearance, as we entered it near the close of a day that had been bright and joyful in the heavens and on earth. There it lay, imbedded in the green valley of the Arve, with the glaciers peeping down into its nooks and dells, and above them rose the eternal snow of Mont Blanc, and its neighboring peaks deeply tinted by the parting rays of the retiring sun. The monarch of the Alps could easily be distinguished from his companions by the lingering rays that still adorned his summit, when twilight was already far advanced in the vale below. As long as this sublime spectacle lasted, the guests of the hotel remained in almost complete silence, and then collected in the saloons and on the piazzas to discuss the excursions of the day, or those laid out for the morrow. Chamouny, during the traveling season, is overrun with strangers from all parts of the world; and the hamlet may be said to exist for their especial accommodation, as it is composed of hotels, curiosity-shops for the sale of souvenirs, and the residences of the guides and those engaged in the transport of travelers. as locomotives have not yet entered this secluded vale.

And Mont Blane is not its only attraction; quite

a number of the most beautiful and romantic excursions can only be made from Chamouny. Of these the principal ones are to the Montanvert and farfamed "Mer de Glace," or Ice Ocean, to the Source of the Aveiron, La Flegere, and the immense Glacier des Bossons. None of these can be well and safely made without the guides, and the latter are, therefore, the most important personages in Chamouny. They are weather-wise to a miracle, and can interpret the whistling of every wind, the roaring of every stream, and the antics of the very clouds-they are Alpine sailors, and watch the wind and weather like old salts, as their business depends on sunshine and storm They are under the most perfect regulation, and have a commanderin-chief, who assigns to each his duty in turns.

But as the sailor dreads the winter passage of the ocean, so do the Chamouny guides dread the ascent of Mont Blanc; and they never undertake it without an extra compensation, and then expect a douceur in the bargain, which they richly earn, if they perform their duty. The police regulations require each person ascending the monarch of the Alps to be accompanied with at least four guides, and most of travelers take more than this number; so that the ascent is a pretty expensive affair, as it requires no less than three days. It can scarcely be performed for less than fifty dollars, and more usually costs one hundred! Science and vanity, strange as it may seem, have always been coupled in conquering Mont Blanc. A few who ascend it do so in order to make scientific experiments on its summit, but the greater number merely to say that they have been on the top of Mont Blanc.

Its summit was reached for the first time by Dr. Paccard in 1786; and in the following year the celebrated Saussure performed the feat, accompanied with seventeen guides. Since that period some one has been found nearly every year sufficiently hardy or sufficiently vain to undertake the task. In 1840 a French dame, by the name of Dangeville, immortalized herself, and surprised her guides by even requesting to be elevated on their shoulders, that she might be higher yet than they. As three days are required for the purpose, the ascending party is greatly exposed to the freaks of the weather, and many is the time that they return nearly frozen to death, without having made more than half the ascent; and if they succeed they are very poorly compensated for their labors and perils, for the summit is the worst place to see the mountain itself, and the immense elevation renders every thing below indistinct.

The people that have most distinguished themselves in these daring enterprises are the Britons, in full accordance with their character for boldness and daring. We observed, in all parts of Switzerland, that wherever a physical feat was to be performed, the English were ready to do it; and we met one son of Albion whose passion was always to do something that the guides could not or would not

We will, however, prepare a party for the summit, and, leaving them on their winding way, take a more advantageous position to view their journey. In the first place, it is seldom that an ascent is made without several of the inquisitive and daring apply to the Guide-en-chef to prepare an expedition, and then they, with the guides, make a goodly number. In dress it is necessary to be extremely careful on account of the necessity of camping out one night on the side of the mountain, exposed to whatever may come; and, for the same reason, a certain number of the guides have wood strapped on their shoulders, with which to make a fire at night; another set carry provisions, wine, and a few cooking utensils; and still another are the bearers of ladders, ropes, poles, climbing-irons, and other implements of warfare against snow and glaciers. Thus equipped they start on their perilous journey; and a motley group they form.

On the other side of the valley rises another chain of mountains, from whose elevations is obtained an uninterrupted view of the chain of Mont Blanc. Of these the most celebrated for the panorama shown from its summit is La Flegere. This is daily ascended by those who delight to revel in nature's sublimities, and not neglect the object of their visit to Chamouny. But when a party ascends the monarch of the vale, all the other guests ascend La Flegere, and thence, with telescope, watch every movement from the base to the summit. La Flegere rises about thirty-five hundred feet above the vale below, and is not difficult of access. Crossing the Arve, and winding through the deep-green meadows that it moistens, we soon commence the ascent, and pass alternately through forests and over mountain-pastures, with occasional rugged climbing. But, at the end of two hours' faithful labor, we perceive a kind of plateau on its summit, and soon reach the cross, which marks the limits of our journey, and the chalet, or house of refuge and refreshment. Here we are, on this immense elevation, which now seems as a platform erected to give a boundless view of all the indescribable beauties of Chamouny. The party that we left in the valley have already commenced the ascent of Mont Blanc, and all eyes now follow them on their perilous journey. The first few hours they have little to contend against but fatigue; but how vastly the scene changes when they approach the enormous Glacier des Bossons and the regions of eternal ice and snow! Here they enter upon a sea of dangers, that requires all the skill and daring of the guides to protect them from evil. At times avalanches have made the passage impossible, when the guides are sent ahead to cut a way across the snow; again, new ice precipices have been formed in the glaciers, which require the use of ladders before they can be scaled; and if one of them break during the act the traveler or guide is hurled headlong below, with scarce a chance of recovery. Then again the road is so steep and difficult that all grasp the ropes together, that one may prevent the other from falling. And thus they labor till evening, when they reach the solitary rocks known as the Grands Mulets, where they halt for the night. These rocks are about two-thirds of the distance to the summit, and to this point all that they take with them must be carried. Here the wood is taken from the shoulders of the guides, and a fire is built, while the provisions are unloaded and preparations made for a romantic meal. This being over, the parties wrap themselves closely up in the thickest garments, and, huddling together for warmth, thus pass the night among these terrific hights. If a storm should suddenly arise, they are exposed to all its terrors, and sometimes they are nearly perished with the cold. If, however, fortune favors them, and the next morning proves fair, they are well repaid for the risks of the night by the surpassing sublimity of the sunrise viewed from these eternal hights. Leaving all their cumbersome articles at this spot, the second day's labor is to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, over fields of snow that know no bounds and contain no path. Here it is that the skill of the guides is called into requisition, to navigate these trackless solitudes as the mariner finds his way on the ocean. Before midday they arrive at the summit, and, after a sojourn of a few hours, commence the descent, and finally again reach the Grands Mulets, to encamp the second night, when fires and food have risen in value. On the third day the final descent is made, and the brave adventurers are greeted in Chamouny by an admiring crowd, who never tire in listening to their adventures and hair-breadth escapes. They have been on the summit of Mont Blanc, and their vanity is satisfied.

Many persons remain on the plateau of La Flegere till their return, watching every step of the daring explorers; and while we are here, let us take a glance at the inconceivably grand and sublime scene rolled out before us. At our feet lies the hamlet of Chamouny, with the Arve pouring out of the glaciers and meandering through its meadows. Just beyond the hamlet commences the giant Glacier des Bossons, and runs up on the side of Mont Blanc, embracing the monarch of the Alps up to the regions of never-melting snow, and then his noble crest is covered with a robe of spotless white far up into the heavens. Beside him are numerous peaks, that run up so sharp and rapid that even the snow can not cling to their sides. Their dark and jagged summits form a strange contrast to the virgin purity of Mont Blanc; and where they shoot into pinnacles they assume the appropriate name of "Needles." Thus the monarch has a unique body-guard, known as the Red-Needle, the Needle-of-the-Tower, the Green-Needle, the Monk's-Needle, the Needle-of-the-South, etc. Added to this, we are standing nearly opposite the Mer de Glace, or Glacier Ocean, that flows out between these Needles, and extends down into the vale, till the melting drops from its icy mass nourish the little Gentiana that springs up by its side. Farther

to the left are still other glaciers, among which the most conspicuous are those of Argentiere and the Tower. This view from La Flegere richly compensates for the journey to Switzerland, were there no other beauties.

We will now direct our course down the steep side of La Flegere to the valley of the Arve, and ascend its stream over the green meadows, till we arrive at a place which is known as the "Source of the Aveiron." This is one of the most peculiar sights in the vale of Chamouny-a torrent whose cradle is the Glacier des Bois. It springs from the bosom of the Ice Ocean, and is fed by the melting of its frozen mass. Its ingress into the world is from an immense ice-cavern, and, Minerva-like, it comes forth full-grown from the head of Jove. The size and fury of the torrent depends much on the weather; warm suns and melting rains swell it into a perfect cataract, and again it sinks into a quiet stream. And the cavern varies in size and extent according to these circumstances. At times it is thirty feet in hight, and again it increases to one hundred. It is extremely dangerous to enter its precincts, as large blocks of ice now and then fall from its sides and bury whatever impedes their progress. Some years ago a young student from Geneva lost his life in this manner, although a few scientific men have explored this ice cavern to quite an extent with no other injury than exposure to the most intense cold. This glacier is the lower extremity of the far-famed Mer de Glace, and the ascent along its side to the summit of the Montanvert is a steep and rugged path. We leave the quiet hamlets and lowing herds below, and climb over massive rocks and through stunted forests, till at last, nearly worn out with fatigue, we find ourselves on the plateau of Montanvert. From this point we have a magnificent view of the whole surface of the Mer de Glace and its frozen waves. The immense masses of ice seem to flow out of a deep valley, bounded on one side by the Monk's-Needle, and on the other by the Montanvert. In the background are other peaks, from between which enormous waves of ice roll forth into the Ice Ocean. This ocean is continually moving down into the valley, as is fully proved by landmarks that have been set up for experiment. It sometimes travels as far as four hundred feet in a year, depending mainly on the season. But, nevertheless, this advance of the Mer de Glace does not interfere with the valley, as it melts and breaks off in proportion as it advances-this latter process giving rise to the ice-cavern and the source of the Aveiron. That portion of this Ocean that borders on the Montanvert is so completely covered with fragments of rocks, stones, and dirt, that the ice itself is scarcely visible; this is owing to the advance of the ice, which, as it moves onward, plows up the sides of the adjoining mountains, and carries the ruins in its train.

Owing to this circumstance, the Mer de Glace, on its borders, seems more like a sea of rocks and gravel than a sea of ice; and if we would examine its beauties we must descend to its surface, and pass over its bosom; but a journey over these crystal waves must be performed with the greatest care, or it may prove fatal. These enchantingly beautiful billows are too frequently cliffs that bound a precipice, and if we sail over them it is instant death—we fall into the deep recesses of sub-glacial caverns, whose embrace is mortal; although it is related that a peasant once fell into one of these yawning gulfs, and succeeded in escaping alive by following the course of the melting streams below, till he emerged from the ice-cavern at the source of the Aveiron!

The plateau of the Montanvert is more resorted to by visitors to Chamouny than any other spot, on account of its easy access, by mule path, from the hamlet, and the strange and beautiful view from its summit. For this reason quite a passable inn is here kept open during the season, where one may obtain refreshments of a substantial nature, and even a bed if it be desired to remain there over night, for the beauties of sunrise and sunset, or a more extended excursion to the "Jardin," or "Garden." This is a flat rock which springs out of the Ice Ocean, far in its interior, and hidden from the view of those who go no farther than Montanvert by the rugged precipices and jagged needles of neighboring peaks; for the Mer de Glace extends far into the bosom of these mountains, and is supposed to cover more than one hundred square miles of surface. In the summer months this rock is ornamented with a variety of Alpine flowers, like an oasis in an ice desert, and thence receives its name of the "Jardin." The object of a pilgrimage to the "Garden" is to penetrate more deeply into those ice solitudes, and explore the frozen wilderness of Mont Blanc; but the path is a dangerous and rugged one, leading over steep precipices and glaciers furrowed with deep fissures, presenting such difficulties as are usually overcome by none but experienced travelers among the Alps. Notwithstanding these obstacles, on arriving at Montanvert, we learned that an English lady, with her husband, and their guides, had left that morning early for the tour of the "Jardin." None other than an English lady would have undertaken this so early in the season, as it requires a whole day to perform the tour from Montanvert; and there was consequently considerable interest manifested in their welfare, by the numbers who had ascended to the latter point to await their return from the perilous journey. An affair of this nature is a matter of much consequence to the guides, whose entire life seems to turn on the pivot of adventures, and a bold undertaking by a tourist, especially an English one, instills new energy into them. We, therefore, had a motley group collected on the summit of Montanvert-English, French, Germans, Americans, etc .- all telling the stories of their adventures, and joking with each other and the guides. To these may be added the flower-girls, with their

Alpine flowers, roses, violets, etc., and others with their cups of strawberries and goat's milk. Then come the venders of curiosities, consisting mainly of minerals, or ornaments made of chamois-horns; and lastly the singing beggars. Finally, as the day waned, a single individual was seen returning toward the Montanvert. This created quite an excitement, till, on his arrival, he announced that he had merely left his guide behind, because the latter was too lazy to walk with him-the individual, of course, being an Englishman. Presently the gentleman with his wife appeared in sight, and soon arrived among their friends, all present giving the intrepid lady three cheers; and, as she was the first who had made the tour of the "Jardin" that season, she was, by universal consent, honored with the attributes of.

"The Rose of the Garden
And the Nymph of the Mer de Glace."

### A RAMBLING SKETCH.

BY JAMES PUMMILL.

THE pleasure or pain we receive, mentally, from surrounding objects greatly depends upon the formation of our constitutions. The man of an imaginative temperament dotes on flowers, and blue skies, and glowing stars, and waving trees, and dancing meadows, and translucent streams. They are "all" to him—the "elysium" in whose glory he delights to revel. To the dull, plodding businessman these assume a different form. The trees are only attractive to his eyes as means of making money. He would deprive them of their poetry by converting them into base lumber, for the erection of barns and other unpoetical buildings. The translucent streams afford him a wondrous attraction when he discovers they have sufficient force to put machinery in motion. The verdant meadow hath beauty when he sees his cattle fattening in its waving verdure. The skies give manifold pleasure so long as they do not derogate from his outdoor labor. Ah, little poetry is there for him-unpoetical fellow!-save in a well-filled granary and an overflowing purse. The flowers and stars awake not even a passing interest in his mind with all their loveliness. Such is the different effect of objects on the different minds of men.

Education, I am prone to think, hath little to do in creating the tastes of men. Taste, like genius, is indigenous—born with the being who possesses it. Though the man of a natural delicacy of mind may have been born and bred in a desert, wild superstition and ignorance encompassing him on every side, so soon as he beholds the glad verdure of an oasis, his heart leaps with strange pleasure in his bosom. But, should he encounter such a scene as, on summer moonlight eves, beautifies the woodland banks of our own Ohio, the emotions—the very

passions—of ecstasy that would arise in his bosom, may not be imagined by one who has not experienced so wonderful a change from gloom to gayety.

But to the savage of taste, though possessing all education that colleges may furnish, the beauty and grandeur of natural or artificial scenery has no charms. You might as well hope to see a tiger lifting its savage paws, with wondering admiration, upon discovering a haunt of sylphs and woodnymphs in its native fastnesses, as to expect a beautiful work of art to wring a pleasurable exclamation from the man who lacks appreciation of nature.

I have intimated that education had nothing to do with the creation of taste. But without education, or cultivation, the admirer of the beautiful can not duly discern the flaws of a painting, or other work of art. He may admire the painting; but its errors are admired with its beauties, or, in other words, are unobserved. And yet who, save the cold critic-that nice dissector of the arduously wrought children of the artist-would wish to disturb the hallowed serenity of his own mind, by searching for trivial flaws, while gazing upon some glowing picture-the offspring of a pure and holy imagination? For my own part, while wrapt in the loveliness of a noble picture, or a noble poem, or a noble burst of melody, I forget all things else but the glorious art which is inthralling me. He hath a soul of ice who can criticise while the glory is in his presence. I had almost said, the thing is not truly beautiful that can be criticised, or the man lacks appreciation of the lovely who can coldly criticise a fine production. Yet, when I think that the artist hath studied years, and tested his own works, time and again, in the crucible of criticism, before they have reached their present state of almost perfected beauty, I can forgive the critic his obtrusive remarks on my favorites, and feel within myself that nothing, perhaps, aids an artist so much as a just and impartial criticism.

But, for myself, I do not love to search for errors. O, no! Every time I look at a fine painting I find something lovely, which I had not seen before; and the discovery bestows an additional radiance to my heart. O, how I loved in youth to pore over the delightful pictures of \*\*\*\*! The "Haunted Spring," especially, was a favorite of mine. That strange outline of a wondrous form rising from the little shield of water, which rested upon the rim of a quaint old forest, wrought wonderful emotions in my breast. The rude hunter, equipped in his rude hunting garb, stood in the midst of the scene like one inthralled-astonishment and wonder depicted in his countenance. None but \*\*\*\* himself could have shed such an expression upon the countenance of a man on canvas. And there was something so still, so serene, about the whole scene, that I always gazed on the picture with awe. Nor could I, without effort, draw my eyes from it, when they were once fixed upon it; but, like the hunter in the scene before me, I would stand charmed-enchanted.

There was another painting of his which I shall

never forget. It was called "The Deserted Forest." That grand and deathly scene is pictured upon my memory indelibly. In that solitude of nature the dark vines wreathed themselves, like monster serpents, around the gnarled bodies of the oaks. The reeds bristled their jagged forms from the ground. No living thing was visible-bird, beast, insect, or reptile; nothing, save those forest giants, with their drooping limbs, that had, peradventure, felt the breath of centuries, and those uncouth reeds, and the heavy, thick-bladed grass. Yes: one thing more. A stream stole, quiet as a specter, and beautiful as a dream of heaven, yet solemn as night, through this deserted forest-this haunt of Silence itself. That stream seemed to bear, on its quiet breast, mysterious messages from the land of Solitude, as it gloomed its way along through the heavy, unwieldly shrubbery-messages that were returned to Solitude again, perchance, ere they could be borne to the golden sunlight of the outer world. This was, in sooth, a picture grand and awful in its breathlessness. The place was filled with such strange and solitary grandeur that God alone seemed present. It appeared to me as if an earthly being could never dare intrude upon a spot so dread, so sacred.

Such paintings as these can not but please the fancy. The observing and industrious eye of the painter has discovered and amended all faults of importance, and the works stand forth with the impress of beauty and elegance. Cultivation hath brought the taste and genius of the artist to a proper state of refinement, without which the true judge would never have admired his labors.

A high enjoyment of works of art and literature depends upon a proper cultivation of our tastes. The mind that is capacitated for enjoying the sublime productions of a Handel or Hadyn in music, a Shakspeare or Milton in poesy, a Raphael or a West in painting, has reached a high state of refinement. The individual possessing a mind of this cast can find invariable gratification; for, if the artificial splendors of man are not always within his immediate surveillance, may he not behold the grand paintings of the Almighty in the flowers, and in the colors of the transient bow as it arches the sky, and in the stars, and in the great, wide heaven above, yea, in every created thing? May he not hear his music when the wind sings its anthem, and when the forest rivulet breathes out its gentle lullaby, and when the mighty cataract flings its sublimest of organ tones into the trembling air? May he not read his great volume, full of the sweetest and grandest poetry, in every blade of grass, in every leaf, in every hill that dallies with the cloud? O, how divine the reflection to him who loves the beautiful, that, even if the efforts of man should pall upon his senses, the eternal One hath created such a universe of loveliness and magnificence, that his predilection for the beautiful may be forever indulged-that, in wide nature, at all seasons, he may find such beauty as the artist can never hope to equal!

ISABEL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

Where you restless, crystal current, Streamlet of the dell, From its hidden fountain welleth, There in simple beauty dwelleth Gentle Isabel.

'Mid the thick trees' heavy foliage Carols softly swell, Of repose and pleasure telling— Music floats around thy dwelling, Gentle Isabel.

Flowery vines that shade the casement,
Leaflet, cup, and bell,
Roses by the hill-side growing,
Balmy odors are bestowing,
Gentle Isabel.

Yet there's sorrow, there is sadness,
Words can never tell;
For the fair cheek paleth, paleth,
And a mother's grief bewaileth
Gentle Isabel.

Hopelessly she watcheth ever,
Tirelessly and well,
While the fitful hectic flushes
Cheek and lip with crimson blushes,
Gentle Isabel.

Death thy soft, dark eyes are glazing— Hears she not the knell Of each earthly hope and blessing, Still thy drooping form caressing, Gentle Isabel?

Far above this world of sadness,
Thou in heaven wilt dwell;
In thy quiet footsteps wending,
To that radiant land we're tending,
Gentle Isabel.

### A WISH.

BY PERDINAND.

I sometimes wish I were a morning lark;
For, O, how pleasant it would be, to wing
My flight among the lazy clouds, and sing
Some airy hymn, to chide away the dark!
And I have thought it would afford to me
A wonderful sensation, when the sun,
With his wide wave of light, swept off the dun
And gauzy shades, to wander in the sea
Of golden glory, which the lord of day
Flung o'er the vales and mountains far away;
And, a : the sunlight streamed upon my breast,
Thrilling my heart with rapture, I would sing
Some sky-born theme, till weary grew my wing,
Then sink in joyful silence to my rest.

# LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

#### BY PLEBEIUS.

#### CHAPTER III.

Removal of Mr. W. to Path Valley—His Parents join the Presbyterian Church—His Religious Instruction—Shorter Catechism—Want of Helps in Religious and Moral Training—Refections on Neglect of Parents—W. joins the Methodist Episcopal Church—His Views and Exercises at that Time—Is powerfully Awakened—Progress of his Convictions—Falls into deep Depondency—His sudden and happy Conversion.

We have hitherto made very brief mention only of the subject of the autobiography from which these chapters are taken. The same desire to "live unseen, unknown," which caused him to withhold his humble name from these papers, induces, also, a reluctance to obtrude upon the reading public any thing concerning his own personal history. It is, therefore, not without some misgivings that we sit down to copy out some passages relating to his early life and religious experience; and we should hardly venture to do so, but for the hope that the perusal thereof may encourage some young readers of the Repository to follow his example, and remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

Mr. W. was born in Carlisle, Penn., October 16, 1786. Two years afterward his parents removed to the head of Path Valley, about thirty miles westerly from Carlisle, and settled near the site on which the village of Concord was afterward laid out by Mr. Widney, with whom they had emigrated to the United States in 1784. In the old country, his father had been an Episcopalian; his mother, a Wesleyan-a sister of Mr. Widney, and one of those converted under the ministry of Mr. Boothby, as noted in Chapter II. Having, in their new home. no access to their respective Churches, they connected themselves with the Presbyterians. father of W. was a strenuous Calvinist, and the instruction of his children was in accordance with the usages of that Church, and of "the most straitest sect" thereof. His mother was an Arminian in doctrine, but acquiesced in the bringing up her children in the faith of the Church to which she was now attached. Among the moral duties enjoined upon young W. was a strict and even rigid observance of the Sabbath. He was not allowed, for instance, to whistle, or sing, or run, or talk or laugh loud, or engage in any sort of childish or boyish plays or amusements, or to read any books, except the Bible or such books as were exclusively religious or devotional. Conversation on worldly or secular concerns was equally prohibited; and Sunday visits were considered exceedingly profane and sinful. At an early age he had committed to memory the Westminster Assembly's "Shorter Catechism;" and, when nine years old, had read the Bible through consecutively, and most of it several times. He took delight in perusing its sacred pages, some entire chapters of which, and portions of others, his retentive memory had treasured up, together with the substance of the historical books.

Few of the young readers of these pages have heard of that now obsolete, but once venerated little volume—the "New England Primer;" and fewer still, if any, have seen the work. And we only mention it here to say, that from it young W. learned the "Shorter Catechism," and, besides this, treasured up in memory various useful moral lessons; and among these he still remembers, with peculiar pleasure, the profit which, all through life, he derived from four little lines, at the foot of one of its pages. They are these:

"Have communion with few; Be intimate with one; Deal justly with all; Speak evil of none."

We were about here to introduce to the young reader another venerable relic of the olden time, in connection with the far-famed "Primer" spoken of above; but we must defer the intended notice till we come, in the next chapter, to say something of the school among the mountains which young W. attended, and of the "country schoolmaster," to whom was committed the

"Delightful task—to rear the tender thought, To teach the young idea how to shoot."

It must be borne in mind that in those days there were no Bible societies, no Sunday schools, no Sunday school books or "Advocates," no Bible classes, no tract societies nor tract distribution, no religious newspapars or periodicals. Even the Bibles with which the people were supplied, and which were often obtained with difficulty, were badly printed, on poor paper, and in inferior binding, and at about four times the cost of the beautiful and wellbound Bibles of the same size now every-where furnished by the American Bible Society. Indeed, in the neighborhood of which we speak, the supply of books of any kind was exceedingly scant, and, besides the Bible, consisted generally of elementary books, and a few old Puritanic or Calvinistic authors. To read extended works in the departments of literature, history, geography, science, etc., was considered, for plain farmers and mechanics, rather a waste of time, and as gendering that "knowledge" which "puffeth up." But although they concerned not themselves with "book-larnin," yet the reverent and strict observance of God's holy Sabbath, and the familiar acquaintance with his sacred word, in which the children of that religious community were brought up, can not be too highly commended. Indeed, these are elements, in the training and education of youth, which can not be omitted without imminent hazard to their best interests, both for time and eternity. And woe to those Christian parents who willfully neglect these important duties in educating their children. They are preparing the way to "bring down" their own "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," while their children will reap the bitter fruits of neglected moral and religious culture. We might write a

volume, instead of a short paragraph, on this momentous subject. But we must forbear; and commending it to the serious consideration of the attentive reader, whether young or old, parent or child, we pass on, to give an example of the fruits of "bringing up a child in the way he should go."

The organization of the first Methodist society in Concord was noticed in our last chapter. Of the eleven members who composed the class when formed, young W., then fourteen years old, was one. In a matter of so much importance, it is not likely that, without more mature reflection, he would, at that time, of his own accord, have sought membership in the little band. But his mother, a sensible and judicious woman, knowing, from her own experience, the advantages of early piety, hesitated not to advise her son earnestly to join with her; and we commend her example in this as worthy of imitation. She led the way, and he followed, not, however, without some trepidation, fearing that he might not be able to "walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing." The discourse delivered that day by the Rev. Mr. M'Caine was the first Methodist sermon he had heard since his childhood. The chief impression it left upon his mind was that of a clearer understanding than he had ever before obtained of the Scriptural doctrines of free grace-the plan of salvation by "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." The little amount of Calvinism which he had imbibed from his "Shorter Catechism," formed no sort of obstacle to his receiving and adopting what, to his mind, appeared the more rational and Scriptural views of Christian doctrine now set forth, and he became, from that day, a Methodist in doctrine, as well as in name. He saw, moreover, in the Gospel glass, that he was a sinner; but he did not, as yet, feel it. That a change of heart was necessary he doubted not; but of the nature and extent of that change his conceptions were not yet very definite. And in relation to that work of grace in his heart, he did not realize that "now is the accepted time-now is the day of salvation." His purpose, indeed, was fixed to "serve God," and to conform in all things to the external duties of religion. But the "more convenient season" to "call for" the internal work of the Spirit he had, like many other half-awakened sinners, located in the indefinite future. But God, in mercy, did not suffer the young disciple to remain long in this state of indecision.

About three weeks after he had joined the Church, he returned home from prayer meeting one Wednesday night, in company with a young man, his cousin, who had been converted at a quarterly meeting at Shirleysburg, twenty miles north of Concord, on the Sunday previous. His ccusin, on the way, told young W. what great things the Lord had done for him, and how happy he felt, and exhorted and encouraged him earnestly to seek the Lord, that he also might be a "partaker of like precious faith." The account which his cousin gave

of his conversion, and the exhortation accompanying it, deeply affected young W.; for they were applied with power to his heart by the Holy Spirit. He was now fully awakened to see and feel himself a sinner, and felt his need of a Savior-a present Savior-to deliver him from the guilt and burden of sin, which now lay heavily upon his stricken heart. The deep and vivid impressions thus made produced strong emotions of soul. His heart seemed dissolved within him, tears flowed apace, and he began, almost involuntarily, to cry to God for mercy as he walked along. And he seemed to feel an internal influence impelling him onward, without any sensible effort of his own, to "flee for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before him." His emotions were uncontrollable by any effort he could make, and he continued to weep and pray. These feelings-to him new and unheard ofamazed him, and even occasioned some concern in his mind, imagining them to be altogether anomalous, and fearing there might be something wrong and unbecoming in this outward manifestation of feeling. But, as he was assured, in his own mind, that the impressions made upon his heart were directly from the Holy Spirit, he desired not any abatement of their intensity. On reaching home, he retired early, and continued weeping and praying nearly all night.

The next morning he felt more calmness of spirit, and seemed partially relieved of the burden which so oppressed him the night before. But he felt rather an increase of deep sorrow, and even anguish of soul, that he had ever sinned against his most kind and merciful heavenly Father, and grieved the Holy Spirit, and he was moved to tears afresh. There was also a sensible increase of his earnest longing, even intense thirsting, for the "water of life." The pangs of the new birth were manifestly upon him, and he groaned for deliverance; while the inward cry of his heart was, "Give me Jesus, or I die!" He felt the same internal impulse leading him onward in the struggle. This was doubtless the strong drawings of the Holy Spirit; and he was buoyed up by an inward conviction that this night of his distress would soon end in glorious day. In this frame of mind he continued during this and the two succeeding days, weeping day and night, and almost literally "praying without ceasing." He received much comfort and encouragement in the conversation of his pious cousin before named, and in reading his Bible, and "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," in which he found his exercises pretty accurately described.

On the Sabbath following, his religious feelings assumed a new, and to him very uncomfortable, and even alarming phase. His "broken and contrite spirit" had strangely given place to an oppressive sense of hardness of heart and insensibility of soul and feeling, with darkness and despondency of spirit. He tried to weep again; but weeping came not at his bidding. He essayed to pray; but his prayer seemed heartless, and to find an impene-

trable barrier in the thick gloom which covered him. All the feelings and affections of his moral and physical nature seemed locked up and spellbound. "What has caused this?" thought he. "Is this the natural result of my protracted weeping and tenderness of feeling? Or have I grieved the Spirit of God, and caused him to depart?" He thus reasoned, but to no purpose; and, in spite of his better light, the Calvinist doctrine of "reprobation" now presented itself to his imagination, and he began to fear that he was, after all, one of the "reprobate," and that the Spirit of God had utterly departed from him. What little faith, if any, he had, gave place to unbelief and doubt. His struggles for deliverance, his essayings to pray, his strivings to weep, his anxious, agonizing efforts to see through the darkness which enveloped him, all seemed totally unavailing. Yet he remitted not the struggle; remit it he could not. To rest in this state seemed to him impossible. The only alternative in his mind was, "Deliverance-or death!" This state of feeling continued through the whole of this Sabbath-the longest, he thought, he had ever passed.

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On that evening a prayer meeting was held in Dr. Kewley's upper room, in Concord. To this meeting young W. went, dejected, desponding, yet with some lingering hope that peradventure deliverance might yet come. During the meeting he improved every moment in the seemingly fruitless effort to pray, to plead with God for mercy, and to cast himself upon the great atoning Sacrifice for sin. The meeting progressed, closed, and deliverance came not. Hope, which had still lingered around his desponding heart, now fled, and left him the victim of despair. He was among the last to retire from the room, and he descended the stairs with faltering steps, and with a heaviness of heart and anguish of spirit unutterable. On reaching the hall, it was intimated to Dr. Kewley that Miss Ann Widney wished to speak to him. She was a cousin of W.'s, and sister of the young man before mentioned. The Doctor turned to hear what she had to say, when she informed him that she had found peace in believing the Wednesday night previous, while praying alone in her room, and that she now felt so happy that she was unable longer to conceal it. There were present in the hall about fifteen persons, including, we believe, every member of the little class. The communication of Miss W. filled the Doctor's heart with joy, and he immediately announced to those present her happy conversion; and, at the same time, opening his room door, invited them all into it; and, calling upon one of them to pray, they all fell upon their knees in the room-nearly all partaking of the joy manifested by the Doctor.

This was a happy moment for young W.! It commenced a new era in his history; and its impress has been felt in all his subsequent life, of now more than half a century. He heard with intense interest the announcement of his cousin's conversion. A vivid ray of light at that moment broke upon his

soul, through the darkness and gloom which, till then, had enveloped him. At the same instant a deep thrill, like an electric shock, was felt throughout his soul, and his whole frame was made to feel and tremble under its intensity. By an effort, which he was unconscious of putting forth, he had, at that instant, by faith, grasped the all-atoning Sacrifice for sin-for his sins-and the darkness and despondency which, but a moment before, seemed to him a weight too intolerable to be borne, were suddenly turned into glorious day. The shackles of unbelief were riven asunder, and his captive soul was set at full liberty, and filled with light, and peace, and joy unspeakable, accompanied by the direct witness of the Spirit that he was a child of God. The change was so great, and so sudden, that, for a moment or two, his consciousness was overwhelmed. On recovering it, he found himself prostrate upon the floor, in the middle of the room, uttering expressions of praise. Rising to his knees, he scarcely recognized himself as the same desponding and broken-hearted boy, who, a few moments before, felt as if he had hardly life and strength to totter down the stairs. All his past life now seemed to him to have been but a dream, from which he had just then awoke to the true consciousness of existence. All this was the work of not exceeding thirty seconds. Indeed, the light which broke upon his soul, the electric-like thrill which pervaded his whole frame, the sundering of the bonds of unbelief, the filling his soul with spiritual joy, and the accompanying witness of the Spirit, were so nearly simultaneous, that no sensible interval between them was observable by him. In his fullness of joy and warmth of feeling, he was constrained to give full expression thereto in praise to God for his great mercy, not, however, in loud shouting; for that would have been considered unbecoming, and by some even disorderly. Prayer being ended, he rose to his feet, and, with joyful lips, declared to the little company what great things God had done for him; and they all rejoiced on his behalf. Dr. Kewley, filled with joy likewise, took him in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom, praising God for this additional instance of his wondrous power to save. The little band continued singing, praying, and rejoicing till near midnight. Our young convert returned home, but was too happy to sleep, and with difficulty refrained from shouting aloud.

We have given the narrative of young W.'s conversion somewhat in detail, and have probably wearied the patience of the reader. The only apology we have to offer for this, is the hope that some young reader may derive encouragement, and perhaps instruction, from the example.

The next chapter will close what we have to say about matters in Path Valley, and we will then repair to the great west.

Years following years steal something every day: At last they steal us from ourselves away.

#### DR. J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

HIS PRESENT OCCUPATIONS.

BY REV. J. C. FLEICHER,

HE is now President of the Theological School, under the general direction of the dissenting body called the "Evangelical Society of Geneva." students are some forty in number, and are from Switzerland, France, Belgium, and the Waldensian valleys of Piedmont. They are mostly poor young men, who are sustained as beneficiaries by Christians at Geneva and by Churches and pious individuals in England and Scotland. There is not. except among the Waldenses, so high a tone of piety as in our theological institutions; but we must have for them a great deal of charity; they are in the midst of Catholicism, where formal Protestantism sits as easily as the tunic of the ancients, giving no trouble of mind or conscience. They have not been brought up to regard the Sabbath as a day holy to the Lord; and I am sorry to add, that Dr. Merle himself, and most of the persons connected with the Evangelical Society of Geneva, look upon the Sabbath as a convenient day to worship God in, to rest in, but not as a day most peculiarly sacred and set apart as holy time. Indeed, the only prominent minister or individual at Geneva who holds to the sacredness of the Sabbath, as do the American Christians, is Dr. Malan, of the Church of the Witness. He has often been ridiculed as holding Jewish ideas on the subject. When individuals brought up to me the argument, that the Sabbath was a Jewish institution, which passed away with the coming of Christ, and that the fourth commandment was never mentioned by the Savior or his apostles, I replied by stating that we in America believed that the Sabbath was instituted before the Jews were a nation, and before the tables of the law were given amid the thunders of Sinai-established by God when the morning stars sang together at the creation, and when the sons of God shouted together for joy. Still there are among these young men many excellent Christians, and I shall never forget my intercourse with them, and especially with the young Waldenses. There has gone forth from this seminary a good influence, and its professors seem determined to purge it, as far as possible, from all impurity.\* Dr. Merle seeks every opportunity to improve the condition of the students. To this end he eagerly seeks information as to the modus operandi of our American theological seminaries, and the voluntary work of the students as Sabbath school teachers and colporteurs. Unfortunately, they know but little of the real Sabbath school system in Switzerland, and thus the students

are shut off, in a great measure, from usefulness to the young. Would that some Robert Raikes might spring up among them!

Dr. Merle is Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Homiletics. As a lecturer he is not remarkably interesting or brilliant. This may be owing, in some degree, to the manner of lecturing in Switzerland; that is, to read so slow as that every student may be enabled to copy verbatim. As a preacher, however, he is brilliant, thrilling, and eloquent. It is seldom that he preaches. Indeed, while I was in Geneva during one year he preached only four times. But when it is known that he fills the pulpit, the Oratoire is crowded to its utmost capacity. He is a man of imposing form-more than six feet high, with shaggy eyebrows, and the tout ensemble of his countenance much resembling Daniel Webster or Dr. Wayland. His voice can, at will, be affectionate, moving to tears by the sweetness of its tones, or, again, it can thunder forth the .terrible, and seems a fit accompaniment to the fierce flashing of his brow-covered, black eye. He can also be the most sarcastic of any man I ever saw; and in some of his discourses against the doctrines of the noninspiration of the Scriptures, as set forth by Professor Sherer, he used sarcasm with the most overwhelming effect. For this he has a peculiar voice: it is not loud but animated; while a pleasant smile plays over his countenance, indicating most forcibly to his hearers that he has his prey in view, and that in a few moments he will most perfectly secure it. For solemnity I have rarely seen him sur-passed. I was present last August at the ordination of a young clergyman named Mayer, which took place in the Church of Dr. Malan. After the usual questions had been propounded, and an earnest exhortation had been pronounced by Dr. Malan, Dr. Merle d'Aubigné addressed Mayer most tenderly and affectionately; and never shall I forget his words near the close. Drawing himself up to his full hight, as if he wished to give effect to that which he should say, and lowering his voice, the following came forth with almost awful solemnity: " Si Jesus Christ était ici et qu'il vous demande, ' Mayer m'aime-tu, m'aime-tu' que lui répondriez vous"-If Jesus Christ were present on this occasion, and he should ask of you, as he did to Peter, "Mayer, lovest thou me? lovest thou me?" what would you reply to him? The English translation divests the sentence of its force; but if any one who reads this article had heard Dr. Merle, on that summer's day, suddenly lower his voice, and pronounce, with kind and trembling emphasis, "Mayer m'aime-tu m'aimetu," they would have been startled from their inmost soul.

I should not call Dr. Merle a profound logician, but he often produces upon his hearers and readers the effect of the strongest reasoning. His great power lies in grouping, in picture-writing, in wordpainting. His similies are well-chosen, intrinsically beautiful, and elegantly expressed. His general style in French is very graceful. He speaks

<sup>\*</sup> It has had a severe trial this year, in the case of one of their most prominent teachers—Professor Sherer—who denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. After his resignation a number of the students, who had imbibed his heresy, were expelled.

German fluently, and English sufficiently well for all purposes of conversation. He has preached in German; and a few years ago, when on a visit to England, he addressed meetings in Exeter Hall and in Edinburg in English.

It was not mentioned in the former part of this article, that, after his studies were completed at Berlin, he was invited to become pastor of a French Protestant Church at Hamburg. After five years spent in that station, he was called by the King of Holland to Brussels, where he became pastor of an Evangelical Church and chaplain to the King. At the time of the revolution in Belgium, in 1830, he escaped with no small risk of his life into Holland; thence returned to his native city. Immediately after this the new school of theology was founded and established.

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The belief of Dr. Merle corresponds nearly to that of the Old School Presbyterians in this country. The Church, however, to which he belongs is composed of Calvinists, Arminians, Baptists, and persons of belief without name. It is a union of dissenters; for certainly no bond of doctrine holds them together. Dr. Merle is exceedingly catholic in his feelings, and he loves all, of whatever name, who call upon the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in deed and in truth.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE AT HOME.

During the summer months Dr. Merle is literally besieged by English and American Christians, and by other strangers who come to ramble on the continent for pleasure or for health. Geneva is the central point of European travel. It is the commencement of the glories of Switzerland; it joins France; it is the gate of Italy; and is easy of access from Germany. It maintains its ancient reputation for learning and the arts; but in religious matters it is no more the staid "Rome of Protestantism." The guide-books always mention among her great men Merle d'Aubigné. The Doctor always receives his numerous visitors with great affability; but his duties at the theological seminary often cause him to cut short many interesting conversations. As I remained a long time at Geneva, I had frequent opportunities of visiting the Doctor when he had more leisure.

I had been informed, before leaving the United States, that Dr. Merle resembled very much Dr. Wayland, the President of Brown University, Providence, R. I.; and so nearly is the resemblance, that the first time that I visited "La Graveline," Dr. Merle's residence, and the historian of the Reformation made his appearance, I knew him instantly. The engraving of him in some of the American editions of his works does not give a correct likeness of him to one who has never seen him, but serves to call up his features to those who have been familiar with him. He always receives his visitors with a peculiar smile and an elevation of the head. in order to command the center of the glass of his spectacles. His conversation is winning and sprightly, and you are not with him many moments

before you feel perfectly at home. "La Graveline" is comfortably, though not splendidly, furnished; but the surrounding shrubbery and trees are truly luxuriant. I know of no scene more beautiful than to gaze from the parlor of "La Graveline," through the arches of the overhanging elms, upon the blue waters of Lake Leman, and far beyond on the mighty range of the Jura Mountains, "with its pines and oaks, its deep glens, and its thousand flowers." It is a lovely spot, and one fit to create an imagination in the most commonplace mind. His residence is a ten minutes' walk from the noise, narrow streets, and pent-up air of the city, and in its pleasant precincts is the quiet and calm of some rural hamlet. Within a mile is one of the finest views of Mont Blanc. This monarch of European mountains, although more than fifty miles from Geneva, lifts its stupendous form so high, and is so resplendent with its eternal snow, that it seems scarcely a league from the beholder. Sweet valleys, filled with pretty villages and vineyards, and grasscovered hills intervening, add to the charm of one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Surrounded by such objects, it is no wonder that the historian loves his native land with a most deep and lasting affection. The Swiss are proud of their glorious mountains and beautiful azure lakes, and justly so. But we are wandering from "La Graveline."

The consort of Dr. Merle, Madame Marienne Merle, is a most amiable and talented lady. She possesses a piercing black eye, and is very handsome. Her affection for Dr. Merle is very strong, and constantly manifests itself by the most delicate attentions. She is of Portuguese origin. The family of Dr. Merle consists of three children; they were seven, but four are now sleeping in the tomb. They are buried in a little rural cemetery about a mile from "La Graveline," and there every Thursday in the year, except in cases of illness or absence, Dr. Merle makes a pilgrimage of paternal affection. Upon this day of the week, whether raining or shining, you will see him wending his way to those four little graves. Loving hands have planted roses around them; and, in the pleasant days of summer, the bereaved father repairs thither with his book, and spends hours in reading and silent contemplation. The Mont Blanc rises before him in full splendor, and, with its shining sides and the green vales at its base, can not but remind him of the land of Beulah, and those delectable mountains where death shall never come, and where he shall join the little angel-spirits of his dead children.

Never shall I forget an evening spent at "La Graveline" in the latter part of 1849. A Canadian French Christian accompanied me. It was dark, rainy, and muddy, but, on entering the hospitable mansion, we forgot, amid the affability and kindness of its inmates, all the troubles of night, rain, and mud. We were received in the sitting-room by Dr. and Madame Merle. Besides ourselves, no one was present except the family, consisting of those already

mentioned, a little daughter-his sons were absent at some boarding-school-a governess, a sister of Madame Merle, and a young Englishman. In the course of the conversation Dr. Merle spoke of America as being THE country; and, in a voice full of affection, eloquence, and seriousness, he said that it was a great privilege to preach the Gospel in that country; "for," he continued-and raising his mighty arm at every time he pronounced the word higher-"America is every year growing higher, higher, HIGHER, and it is all important that the seeds of truth should be scattered now. After generations will show the fruits of righteousness; but without religion you are, and you will be nothing. O, sir, it is a great privilege, but a most serious and responsible one to preach, the Gospel in your growing republic!"

It was a curious and laughable contrast to watch and to listen to the young aristocratic, seemingly sickly, sentimental Englishman. He looked upon the Americans as a set of radicals. He had one idea; namely, England and her Church. In a tone of drawling affectation, he said that they-Episcopalians-never troubled themselves about dissenters; that he had always looked upon the dissenters in the United States as Quakers or Unitarians: these were his two general divisions. It is a wonder to me that he had never heard of our million of Baptists, more than a million of Methodists, our hundreds of thousands of Presbyterians, etc. When talking about Tractarianism in England, he replied, that Puseyism had done a great deal of good in bringing back Churchmen to forms; for they were-O. horrible!-getting to be almost like the Methodists. I answered him in a mild manner, showing him that form was not religion, and only a most trifling adjunct. O, how men's minds are narrowed by a heartless Church and state religion!

At the tea-table every thing was very simple, as you always will find it among well-bred people. I was placed upon the right of the Doctor. He was very agreeable, and was filled with plaisanterie in explaining to me the Genevese coat of arms stamped upon the butter. It consists of an escutcheon, divided by a line in the middle; on the left of the line is a split or half eagle; on the right is a large key. Over the whole is this motto, "Post tenebras lux." Dr. Merle said that the Genevese say, that the eagle is the half of a roast turkey, while the key is to open the wine-cellar, and that the motto should be reversed, in order to keep up with the degeneracy of the times; then it would read, "Post lucem tenebrae." The repast was enlivened by much instructing and amusing conversation. It was closed by a dish of fine, large, roast Italian chestputs, such as the Waldenses live upon.

When supper was ended, the Bibles were brought, and all joined in reading the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy. After it was finished, he turned to his little daughter, and asked her if she had understood the meaning of the injunction to teach the law—the end of which is obedience—to the children.

He then proceeded to general remarks, in a manner of touching simplicity, and spoke of the goodness of God in giving us the things we had not, and our proneness to ingratitude. The Jews, he said, were commanded to remember God's mercies and the statutes of the Lord in every place—when at home, when abroad, when traveling amid the mountains of Judea or in foreign lands, or when resting in the city of their nativity. He dwelt especially upon "when traveling;" for it is then that our inclination is greatest to turn our attention to novel sights and scenes, and to forget God. A sincere prayer was then offered up by the Canadian brother.

After prayer, we again resorted to the familyroem, and passed the time most pleasantly. Conversation with Dr. Merle or his lady is always improving, and they seem exhaustless in their resources; for they are perfectly at home on art, science, literature, and religion.

When we retired, Dr. Merle followed us to the door, and accompanied our exit with many affec-

tionate adieus.

Dr. Merle is now about fifty-five, and, although robust in appearance, his health is not very good. May God preserve his health, and enable him to be, for many years to come, a blessing to the Church and the world!

## A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGSLOW.

In her white hand she bore
A wreath of flowers perennial, such as spring
Beside the well of life, on that blest shore
Where seraph voices sing.

She had the same sweet face
That shed its light upon my childhood's hours,
But it had caught a holier look of peace
From you celestial bowers.

Since we together dwelt,
She had been ranging an immortal clime,
Free from each stroke of care, or stain of guilt,
Or shade of grief and time.

Her soul had laved its wing
In the blest fountain of eternal love,
And she had tuned her harp where angels sing
In the bright courts above.

And I—my path had been
On through a mysfic realm of doubt and shade,
A world of woe, a clime defiled by sin,
Where hopes the brightest fade.

A moment at my side,

She spoke of pleasures that may never die,

Told me I soon should cross death's stormy tide,

And meet her in the sky.

## HEBREW LITERATURE.

(SECOND PAPER.)

BY RBV. L. D. STESINS.

As to the constructive character of the Hebrew poetry, it is shackled by no set form, nor trammeled by any fixed proportions. Though it is generally reducible to the "hemistich form," it still maintains a noble freedom of expression. In this respect the ablest critics have given, as its leading characteristic, its parallelism. By this is meant a certain likeness, correspondence, or connection "between the members of each period," and also between the periods themselves; so that "things will answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other by a kind of rule or measure," so as to form "rhythms of propositions and a harmony of sentences." This parallelism is divided into four kinds: the gradational, signifying an ascending or descending series in the value of the terms and periods; the antithetic, implying an opposition in words and sentiments; the synthetic, a similarity in construction; the introverted, a likeness between the lines of a stanza. commencing with the first and last, and so going inward. An example of each kind will suffice as illustrations.

The first is from the first Psalm:

"O the happiness of that man. Who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly; And hath not stood in the way of sinners; And hath not sat in the seat of the scornful!

"The exclamation with which the Psalm opens belongs equally to each line of the succeeding triplet. In the triplet itself each line consists of three members; and the lines gradually rise, one above the other, not merely in their general sense, but especially throughout their corresponding members. To walk, implies no more than casual intercourse; to stand, closer intimacy; to sit, fixed and permanent connection; the counsel, the ordinary place of meeting or public resort; the way, the select and chosen footpath; the seat, the habitual and final resting-place; the ungodly, negatively wicked; sinners, positively wicked; the scornful, scoffers at the very name or notion of piety and goodness."

The second is from the tenth of Proverbs:

'A wise son rejoiceth his father; But a foolish son is the grief of his mother.

"Here every word has its opposite, the terms father and mother being relatively opposite."

The third example is from the nineteenth Psalm:

"The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul; The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple;

The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart;

The commandment of Jehovah is clear, enlightening the eyes; The fear of Jehovah is pure, enduring forever:

The judgments of Jekovak are truth, they are just altogether;

More desirable than gold, or than much fine gold, And sweeter than honey, or the dropping of honeycombs."

This is a very striking example of synthetic parallels, showing clearly a great similarity in the Vol. XI.-17

constructions of the lines. Of these three species, "each kind admits many subordinate varieties. and that, in combinations of verses, the several kinds are perpetually intermingled; circumstances which at once enliven and beautify the composition, and frequently give peculiar distinctness and precision to the train of thought."

The example of the fourth kind is from the hun-

dred and thirty-fifth Psalm:

"The idols of the heathen are silver and gold: The work of men's hands; They have mouths, but they speak not: They have eyes, but they see not: They have ears, but they hear not; Neither is there any breath in their mouths; They who make them are like unto them:

So are all they who put their trust in them. "The parallelisms here marked are very accurate. In the first line of this example we have the idolatrous heathen; in the eighth, those who put their trust in idols; in the second line, the fabrication; in the seventh, the fabricators; in the third line. mouths without articulation; in the sixth, mouths without breath; in the fourth line, eyes without vision; in the fifth line, ears without the sense of hearing."

Thus much with reference to the structure of Hebrew verse. And though it is somewhat irregular, and does not appear in the dress we are accustomed to see poetry, still it possesses all the essentials of genuine, spirited poetry; especially has it the real soul in it, which Racine calls the "Genie Createur," and which no poetry can very well do without. It is easy, natural, vivacious, earnest; like the outgushings of simple, great souls, struggling to express the deep emotions within. Without effort, without art; and yet it is the work of masters. What one of the Schlegles has said of the Homeric poems is strikingly true of the Hebrew: "Their peculiar excellence lies in the intuitive perception of truth, the accuracy of description, and the great clearness of understanding, which are united in them, in a manner so unique, with all the simplicity of childhood, and all the richness of an unrivaled imagination." To this must be added the depth and directness of their inspiration. Here they are unrivaled. The lofty grandeur of the subject was such as to require a power and energy of inspiration before unknown. They could not be successfully treated without it. This the Hebrew poets found in their faith in the Eternal, and their union with him. Here is the fountain of all true inspiration—the center of genius—the soul of souls. The Hebrew poets were permitted a near approach. They came directly to the fountain, and inhaled an inspiration that gave such compass and might to their thoughts, such elevation and perspicuity, that they poured forth a "deep, boiling torrent of genuine, holy song." Here we seem to see how the Hebrew poetry unites such simplicity and childhood, with such majesty and manhood-such natural grace and native ease in expression, with such richness of thought. Is it any way strange that a

talented, gifted one should celebrate the greatness of the prince of Hebrew poets in such strains as the following?

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of heaven,
Which music hallowed as she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given—
Redoubled be her tears: its chords are riven.

It softened men of iron mold;
It gave them virtues not their own.
No ear so dull—no heart so cold,
That felt not, fired not at its tone,
Till David's Iyre grew mightier than his throne.

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wasted glory to our God,
It made the gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven, and there abode."

This is no unmerited panegyric. It belongs to this prince of poets, and sits easily and gracefully upon him. Hardly inferior, however, were some of the other Hebrew poets. Passages of rarest poetical excellence frequently occur in all their writings. Sometimes they appear in "a splendor and sublimity, which, considered merely as poetry, excites our wonder, and disdains all comparison with any other composition." These embrace almost every kind of poetry. The tragical appears in the book of Job, a poem of no common character-"a piece of writing," says Schlegel, "which, considered merely as such, is without doubt one of the most characteristic and sublime which has come down to us from the ancient world." The lyrical abounds in the Psalms, and here is found in its highest departments. "Every verse is alive-breathing, burning, throbbing with unaffected sentiment." especially may be added the two odes of Moses one composed on the shore of the Red Sea, the other at the foot of Mount Nebo; and also the song of Deborah and Barak: all of which are instinct with noble passion, and full of the soul-penetrating. true, poetic spirit." The seventy-eighth, hundred and sixth, and hundred and thirty-ninth Psalms have been instanced as beautiful specimens of sacred, pastoral poetry. Nothing, however, is before certain passages in the Songs of Solomon. The elegiac appears in different parts of the sacred writings, but no where in greater beauty and perfection than in the book of Lamentation. The lament of David upon the death of Saul and Jonathan is touching and beautiful; but the elegy of the prophet over Jerusalem, the Salem of Judea, the Zion of the Jews, the beloved of Heaven, is far more pathetic and moving. The depth of the poet's mournful passion is thus expressed: "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" Perhaps there never was such a wonderful connection of tender, plaintive, weeping images, so tastefully arranged, so vividly colored, and so powerfully exhibited as in this book of tears. Here, says Dr. South, "one would think, that every letter was written with a tear; every word, the sound of a

breaking heart; that the author was compacted of sorrows; disciplined to grief from his infancy; one who never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in a groan." Indeed, there can be no doubt as to the superiority of the Hebrew elegy.

But the Hebrew poets are peculiarly rich in the descriptive. Here they are at home, and full play may be given to their unrivaled imagination. As a specimen, take the following from the prophecies of Balaam, as translated by Dr. Hales:

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob!
And thy tabernacles, O Israel!
As streams do they spread forth;
As gardens by the river-side;
As sandal-trees which the Lord hath planted;
As cedar-trees beside the waters.

There shall come forth a man of his seed, And shall rule over many nations: And his king shall be higher than Gog, And his kingdom shall be exalted.

(God brought him forth out of Egypt, He is to him as the strength of a unicorn.) He shall devour the nations, his enemies, And shall break their bones, And pierce them through with arrows.

He lieth down as a lion,
He coucheth as a lioness—
Who shall rouse him?
Blessed is he that blesseth thee,
And cursed is he that curseth thee."

As another specimen, we may take the description in the eighteenth Psalm, from the seventh to the sixteenth verse, where God is represented as coming from heaven to the aid of his "favorite king." Heaven and earth appear arming themselves, and going forth to battle with the Almighty. Here is an astonishing concentration of poetical imagery. "The shaking of the earth; the trembling of the mountains and pillars of heaven; the smoke that drove out of his nostrils; the flames of devouring fire that flashed from his mouth; the heavens bending down to convey him to battle; his riding upon a cherub, and rapidly flying on the wings of a whirlwind; his concealing his majesty in the thick clouds of heaven; the bursting of the lightnings from the horrid darkness, the uttering his voice in peals of thunder, the storm of fiery hail, the melting of the heavens, and their dissolving into floods of tempestuous rain; the cleaving of the earth, and disclosing of the bottom of the hills, and the subterraneous channels or torrents of water, by the very breath of the nostrils of the Almighty, are all of them circumstances which create admiration, and excel every thing of this nature that is to be found in any of the remains of heathen antiquity. Hesiod's description of Jupiter fighting against the Titans is one of the grandest things in all Pagan antiquity, though, upon comparison, it will be found infinitely short of this description of the

Again: the hundred and fourth Psalm contains a majestic description of the power of God. He appears, and at the sound of his voice the foundations of the earth are laid; the machinery of the

universe is constructed; the diluvian waters, though piled above the mountains, haste away; the beasts receive their power to roam, and the birds their might to fly; the hills and mountains burst forth in springs of water to quench the thirst of the beasts, and make the valleys bloom and smile; the moon waxes, and wanes, and shines; the sun rises, and sets, and burns; and the great and wide sea moves from shore to shore, where go the ships, and plays the leviathan. A glance of his eye causes the earth to tremble, and the touch of his finger makes the mountains smoke. His clothing is honor and majesty; his vesture, pure, unapproachable light; and he journeys in a chariot of cloud, and walks upon the wings of the wind. This description is not surpassed in lofty thought and beautiful imagery by any in the world. Specimens might be multiplied, but these are sufficient to show the superiority of Hebrew poetry. Indeed, many of the first modern poets, as Dryden, Pope, Chatterton, Wadsworth, Gray, and Milton, have come to this source for many of their noblest thoughts.

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## THE LAST SUPPER OF THE GIRONDISTS.\*

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

FROM many a costly lamp the red light shone, Upon the massive walls of cold, gray stone, Chasing the shadows from the prison hall, Where doomed ones met, at life's last festival. Menials, with pallid faces, dressed the board In gorgeous splendor; sparkling wine was poured In jeweled goblets; viands, rich and rare, Prepared by skillful hands, with dainty care, Sent up delicious odors; radiant flowers, Gathered by gentle hands, in summer bowers. Exhaled, from crystal vases, rich perfume, Like spring's sweet breath throughout that living tomb.

The young, the gifted, and the brave were there: The loving and the loved, nerved to endure and dare The morrow's fearful doom: no quailing eye Revealed the struggling spirit's agony! No pallid cheek, no darkly knitted brow Betrayed what stoic lips would disavow, In those last trial hours. Did they forget The sweet homes, far away, where once they met The gentle and the beautiful? Apart, In the still chambers of the inner heart, Was there no shrinking from death's gloomy dower? Had human love no talisman, no power, To stir the fount of feeling, till bright tears Flowed to the starry dreams of other years? Were the sweet names of mother, sister, wife, Erased from out the tablet-leaves of life? Or, did the pure, effulgent star of faith

Light up the valley of the shades of death; Revealing, far beyond, the blessed shore. Where weary ones find rest, forever more? Alas! they had no hope of future bliss; No vision of a brighter world than this: No trust in Him, whose arm is strong to save; No dream of heaven, no light beyond the grave. Cold, false philosophy, had schooled and crushed Their noblest aspirations; it had hushed The still, small voice of conscience; graven deep Upon the spirit's shrine, "Death is eternal sleep." Yet, as the last few hours of life went by, From that strange scene of mimic revelry, Thought vaguely trembled out, upon the broad, Wild chaos of conjecture, seeking God; Or striving, on weak pinion, to explore, By reason's light, some dim and shadowy shore Beyond the grave. O, none may ever know The hight, the depth, of that unuttered woe, That made the heart all desolate the while Stern stoicism taught the lips to smile. Swift o'er the revel passed the night away, And feeble glimmerings of their final day Stole through the reeking prison; even then, The iron hearts of those misguided men Bowed not before their Maker; pealing high A hymn to Freedom, they went out to die! Beside the murderous guillotine, they gave Their last farewell to friends, sky, earth, and wave, And passed, together, to one common grave.

#### HOW MUCH IS BEAUTY LIKE THE FLOWER!

BY REV. D. TRUEMAN.

How much is beauty like the flower, That buds and blooms its little hour; That rules the sense with queenly sway, While yet arrayed in colors gay: Its charms half hidden, half expressed, And dew-drops sparkling on its breast; We prize it as a floral gem, Ere yet it leaves the parent stem. While freshly cradled in perfume, And mantled o'er with beauteous bloom, We prize the spring-gift as a flower, Perhaps a day, perhaps an hour; Our homage is sincerely paid, Ere yet the flower begins to fade; Its form is praised, its petals kissed, But when it dies, 'tis scarcely missed! Thus beauty may the vain beguile, And cherish flattery in its smile; May sweetly spread a gilded snare, Around the pointed thorns of care: But like the flower must beauty fade, And like it in the dust be laid;

Like it, unepitaphed with tears, Forgotten lie 'neath rolling years!

<sup>\*</sup> These beautiful lines are founded on an incident, the details of which are given on page 65 of our present volume, under the head "Fate of the Girondists."—EDITOR.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BT WM. BROWN,

"TELL her," says Hamlet, "that she may paint an inch thick, but to this she must come at last." Take any precaution that we may, and use any means that we have in our power, to prolong life, yet we must all die. Like water spilled on the ground, our poor remains can be gathered no more together to partake of activity and life, when once the icy hand of the destroyer has touched our frame. We shrink from death. We cling to life and all its joys. We like earth and its scenes of glorious pleasure. We like the beauty and splendor of the world. We like the calm, pure sunlight of heaven. We gaze with rapture on the silver-lined clouds floating in the sky above us. We love our friends and their society. We can not think of death with pleasant anticipations. We shrink back from his marble fingers and his grasp of utter

But while we all have a dread of death, who does not know that its sting has been destroyed in many a breast? The man of the world, the philosopher, the heartless unbeliever, may talk of death with composure; but when he comes to lay down his body in solitude to die, how wildly beats his heart, and how dark the future is before him! Different, O how different, the death of the Christian! No matter though that Christian be a youth, tender in years, and wholly inexperienced in this world's wisdom-no matter though that Christian be the timid female, who would never sit alone at home, and who would start and tremble at her own tread in the silent chamber-no matter who that Christian might be, young or old, experienced or inexperienced, timid by nature or courageousreligion can conquer all, religion can dispel the gloomy shadows of death, and light up the way to heaven and endless life.

We were led into these reflections by viewing the death of a youthful friend, near and dear to us. And if you, reader, will bear with us a few moments, we will introduce to you a passage or two, showing how she lived, and how she at last triumphed over death, resting calmly on the bosom of her Savior.

Hester Jane Pickett was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., January 25, 1826. Gentle in her deportment and disposition, she grew up to womanhood much beloved by her family and friends. In 1841 she became anxious upon the subject of religion, and, at her request, a female prayer meeting was held at her father's house. In that little circle of prayer God heard the importunate cry of the penitent, the fetters of sin were broken, and Hester rejoiced in the love of God. She made a profession of religion, and attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Henceforth her life was such as becometh the Gospel of Christ; and at times she was made exceedingly happy by the riches of grace, which

were poured into her soul, through Christ Jesus her Lord. To her subdued spirit the society of her own house was more delightful than scenes of gayety, and the temple of God than the house of mirth. Industrious from principle, she took great pleasure in assisting her mother—to whom she was devotedly attached—in providing for the family; and innumerable kindnesses habitually shown to her brothers, and sisters, and friends, will never be forgotten.

Being taken ill, her parents began to feel anxious to know their daughter's religious experience, under affliction and the prospect of death. As Hester was diffident and reserved in speaking of the dealings of God with her soul, and was now exceedingly nervous, there was some hesitancy in attempting to ascertain the state of her mind and heart. This delicate duty was undertaken by her mother. She said to Hester, "My daughter, you suffer much, and are very sick, and yet you do not complain:" when, without the least apparent excitement, she looked tenderly in the face of her mother, and said, "Why should I complain? It is the Lord. And if I live, it will be well; and if I die, it will be far better. I can trust the Lord."

During her sickness she was frequently visited by her pastor—Rev. C. M. Holliday—and other friends, whom she was always glad to see. No murmuring words escaped her lips; and, as death approached, she expressed entire confidence in God, and patiently awaited the hour when death should be swallowed up in victory.

She frequently exhorted her husband to be reconciled to God. Some eight or ten days before her death she asked for her Hymn-Book; and, when it was handed to her, she turned to the hymn,

"O for a glance of heavenly day, To melt this stubborn heart away!"

and asking her husband to exercise faith in Jesus, the blessed Savior, who pardoned all her sins, she sang the first verse alone, and united with others in singing the remaining verses. After resting a short time, she joined in singing,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

At another time, after some time spent in meditation, she exclaimed, "Sweet Jesus! O sweet Jesus!

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!'

Again: when indulging in similar expressions of joyful confidence in God, a lady remarked, "Hester, you feel very happy?" She replied, "O yes! Sweet Jesus! O sweet Jesus!" The lady said, "We almost envy you—you seem so happy." Hester replied, "O, I would have you like me, except this death." She then asked her friend if she thought she would live till morning; and upon being told that day had already dawned, she said, "I thank the Lord for his goodness—he has spared me to see the light of another day."

In the full enjoyment of her intellect, and in this

delightful state of religious experience, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."

THE CONQUERORS' FIRST VIEW OF MEXICO.

BY GRO. S. L. STARKS.

Many, many years ago—it was in 1519—on a bright and beautiful morning, in the very midst of autumn, a band of toil-worn men might have been seen wending their way along the lofty crest of the Sierra of Ahualco. Upon their stern countenances suffering, both mental and physical, had traced its enduring mark. At their head rode one who, a single glance would have satisfied you, would erelong enroll his name upon the lists of fame in characters like the tracery of death.

That weary column, slowly struggling onward and upward, numbered in its ranks those fearless adventurers familiarly known in American history as "The Conquerors." And that man, riding in the van, with a piercing eye, that spoke eloquently of the daring spirit within-that man was Cortes. "They moved forward with a more buoyant step, as they felt that they were at length treading the soil of Montezuma." Suddenly they turned an angle of the Sierra, and a scene of surpassing loveliness was presented to their bewildered vision. At their feet was outspread the noble valley of Anahuac, or, as it is now termed, Mexico. Their enthusiasm was awakened as they gazed upon the wondrous spectacle; and well it might be, for it is not often that the eye of man rests upon so grand a prospect. Here sparkled, perhaps, some crystal stream, as it wound along its serpentine course, embowered amid groves of towering oak and sycamore, and rich fields of agave, or other natural products of the soil of that sunny clime. There, almost hid by the surrounding orchards and forest, rose a populous city, with its lofty buildings and wide-extended suburbs. As they gazed still farther on in the dim distance, the fair city of Tenochtitlan, the capital of Anahuac, and the "Venice of the western world," loomed up to view, like a fairy queen encircled by her tributary train. Its foot was laved by the salt lake of Tezcuco, while its principal streets were traversed by canals of considerable size, and all around betokened a civilization and power far superior to any they had before witnessed on this hemisphere.

As they gazed upon that mighty scene, many and varied were the thoughts that filled their minds. Let us draw aside the curtain, and contemplate, for a moment, the different emotions that swayed the heart of each.

Led by that thirst for adventure so characteristic of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century, they had braved the perils of the stormy main, and landed

upon an unknown shore. Every step, since they first set foot upon the shores of the new world, had been fraught with dangers sufficient to deter any one not possessed of the same indomitable spirit as themselves, from the farther prosecution of the enterprise. An inimical and numerous population, an unexplored tract of country, the paucity of their numbers, and the poverty of their resources, altogether offered difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. Thus far, it was true, they had come off victorious; but it might well be doubted whether the powerful emperor of the Aztec realm would continue his friendly office, when once he had succeeded in bringing the strangers to his capital, the very center and citadel of his power. They feared the more from the fact, that the government was an unmitigated despotism, and every citizen was bound to appear in arms under the banner of his hereditary lord, at the simple mandate of his sovereign.

Thus argued some of them; but no such thoughts found lodgment in the breast of their intrepid leader and the more resolute portion of his followers. With him all was bright and joyous. The goal appeared in view. The object to which he held all else subordinate, seemed at length on the eve of being accomplished. Already, in imagination, he beheld the haughty chief of this Indian kingdom his prisoner, and the whole of his vast domain reduced under his sway. Already he beheld his coffers overflowing with the golden treasures, and a crown encircling his own lordly brow, while around bowed the untold numbers of the conquered race, in abject fear of his more than regal scepter.

Visions like these passed before them in quick succession, as their eyes swept rapidly over the valley, taking in, at a glance, the grandeur and majesty, ay! and the sublimity, too, of the mighty prospect outstretched, panorama-like, below. Anon the clear voice of Cortes was heard ringing through the air, as he shouted, "Forward!" and the march was resumed. The Rubicon was passed; and from that moment the star of Montezuma waxed fainter and fainter, till its last ray was obscured in a sea of blood.

# THE BOON OF HEALTH.

While the poor laborer has health, he will sport with toil, laugh at poverty, and count existence a luxury. But when disease invades his frame, when health sickens, and strength declines, and the arm grows pithless, and the eye shines dim, then it is that confidence declines, the spirits sink, and hope—that heavenly visitor, the first to come, and the last to leave us—falters and dies. In our world no more mournful sight meets our view than that of the poor invalid—he who is struggling for a mere existence, but who, with every stroke, finds his strength failing, and the current setting steadily and overwhelmingly against him.

#### LIFE IN PARIS.

PROM OUR PRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

One of the features in Paris life that most forcibly arrests the stranger's eye, on the approach of winter, is the army of chestnut-venders, who enter the field in the month of November, and maintain their position victoriously till spring, at the doors of small drinking-shops, in the entrance of blind alleys, and often in little niches, prepared on purpose, in the walls of houses, just large enough to hold the chestnut-roaster and the sooty-faced individual, in broad-brimmed, felt hat, looking very like an English coal-heaver, who presides over its destinies.

The chestnut-roaster is merely an iron pan, some six or eight inches deep, and a couple of feet in diameter, drilled full of holes like a cullender, furnished with a cover, and the bottom of which forms a furnace, containing a fire of charcoal; and in this roaster the large, glossy chestnuts fume and snap merrily, exhaling their tempting fragrance in the nostrils of passers-by. Roasted chestnuts really form an important item in the nourishment of the nation; so much so, that the crop of chestnuts is statistically reported every year, among those of wheat, potatoes, sugar, wine, etc.

Another curious sign of approaching winter is the little paletots, of cloth or merino, lined with wadded silk, and as delicately finished as a child's cloak, worn here by the pet spaniels, greyhounds, King-Charleses, and poodles of various race and name, as soon as it grows cold. The fondness of the French for dogs is really amazing; and recent statistics show that the cost of these pets in this country amounts to no less than eighty millions of francs! Go where you will, you find dogs everywhere; large dogs and little dogs, but the little ones are the favorites; men, women, and children all share this passion, but it preponderates among the women. Nothing can exceed the affection which they lavish on these barking beasts; they hug them, kiss them, carry them in their arms, feed them out of their own plate at dinner, and, in short, completely idolize them. I have watched a dirty, ragged creature, little above the state of beggary, and who looked as though she had never spent half an hour over her own toilet since the day of her birth, sitting at the open window of her filthy room, washing and combing an ugly fright of a cur, by the hour together, throwing out of the window the handfuls of dust and fur she scraped off the coat of her favorite, to the detriment of all handsome toilets that happened to pass along the street beneath her window during the operation. The dog seemed very tired of her persevering efforts, and would put up his paws, and push away her hands from his head or neck, in a very knowing way, begging to be let alone; but all in vain; she was inflexible. Every five or ten minutes she would set the dog on an old chair, and lean out of the window, the veriest bunch of rags and scraps you can conceive of, bundled up in a tattered shawl, and talk with a crony at the neighboring casement. At these times the animal would either roll himself up with apparent satisfaction for a quiet little nap, or else climb up beside her, insinuate his nose under her elbow, and leaning out of the window, amuse himself with a view of what was going on in the street. But these breathing times, either of sleeping or of looking out of the window, were of short duration; the dame soon fell back, dragging the dog with her, and set to work again, as busily as ever, combing, pulling, and otherwise beautifying her favorite's fur.

Judging by the passion the people still have for dogs, one can easily believe the extravagances to which this fancy was carried in the reign of the "Grand Monarque," when every caprice of the sovereign, the most shameful as well as the most innocent, was servilely copied by high and low. Louis XIV was very fond of dogs, and his bedroom was literally a mere dog-kennel; and, accordingly, the courtiers exaggerated the royal fancy in their own persons; and to such a degree was this sycophancy carried, that it is related of the minister Louvois, that he was accustomed to sleep with some ten or a dozen dogs in his bed, and that one morning he gave audience to some foreigners of high rank, according to the custom of the time, in his bed, upon which a favorite Italian poodle, of which he was particularly fond, had just presented him with a litter of puppies!

Nor were the fairest ladies of the court behind the gentlemen in the extremes to which they carried this disgusting mania. "On visiting the beautiful Duchess of -," says a cotemporary writer, herself of high rank at the court, "I was astonished at seeing a little round head that peeped out from under her grace's pillow; then a second, a third, a fourth, and a fifth appeared, till, at length, I had counted thirteen little dogs, of various species, all of whom, it appeared, shared habitually the sumptuous couch of the Duchess." Another lady of the court, who had no fewer than thirty dogs in her bedroom, complained bitterly of her husband's cruelty in driving away her favorites, of whom he left her but four; telling her she must content herself with that number, which he considered amply sufficient for any reasonable woman.

The mania for dogs is certainly not now carried to this incredible extent, but it is far from being extinct. Only a few days ago, on paying a morning visit to a great lady, in the quartier St. Honoré, who receives her morning visitors, as great ladies often do, in bed, I perceived, to my no small surprise, that she had three favorite dogs in bed with her! As I entered the elegant room, full of the richest and costliest furniture, of porcelain, pictures, statuary, and rare antique objects, one of these creatures was seated on the elegant laced pillow, close at his mistress' head; another, the favorite, was in her arms, half covered by the bedclothes; and a third was at her feet, rolled up

very comfortably on the richly embroidered satin coverlet.

But I must take leave of these interesting animals, to resume my unfinished history of Madame

Jacquard and her doings.

This good lady was some fifteen years older than her husband, very short, very stout, and very ugly; she was humpbacked, squinted, and walked with a very decided limp; and, being just as devoid of taste as she was of sense, her personal appearance was sufficiently ridiculous. Her ascendency over her husband, maintained by unremitted teazing, was unbounded; but, though always kind and affectionate to her, he was keenly alive to her innumerable incongruities, both of person and of deportment, and was always glad to have her made as little conspicuous as possible.

Now Madame Jacquard had two passions: she idolized her husband-after her special fashionand she worshiped the Emperor. Napoleon had great regard for Jacquard, whose invaluable services to the industrial interests of the country he fully appreciated, and frequently sent for him to court, where, however, the inventor of the spinningjenny, though received with the utmost honor, had never dreamed of presenting his wife. But during the last visit which the Emperor made to Lyons, to attend an industrial exhibition in that city, Jacquard, as usual, was in frequent attendance at court. One day, on entering his house, after his daily visit to the sovereign, his wife informed him that sha had decided to be introduced to the Emperor, and begged him to arrange the matter without delay. Jacquard, horror-stricken at the proposal, and realizing, to its fullest extent, the ridiculous figure that his wife, with her little, ugly, old-fashioned person, her singular manners, and her propensity to make absurd speeches, would inevitably make in the Imperial circle, besought her, but in vain, to relinquish her design, begging her to ask of him any thing else, and assuring her that there was nothing else in the world that he would refuse her. But it was impossible to shake her determination; and, as she exercised unlimited sway over her husband, he was obliged, at last, to do her bidding.

Accordingly he waited on the Emperor, for the purpose of obtaining permission to present his wife to him, but not knowing how in the world to manage to ask for a favor so unusual. The Emperor, however, soon perceived that something was the matter with Jacquard, and insisted on knowing what had happened.

"O sire," he replied, "I have a great favor to ask of your Majesty; but I dare not mention it, lest I

should seem too presumptuous."

"Nay, Monsieur Jacquard," returned the Emperor; "you know very well that I shall be very happy to oblige you in any way in my power. Tell me frankly in what way I can serve you."

"Your Majesty is only too generous," returned Jacquard, more and more uneasy at the thought of what he had to ask; "but when I shall have made my request, I fear your Majesty will find it impossible to grant it."

"Well, well," said the Emperor, good-humoredly, "let me know, at any rate, what this wonderful favor is!"

"Ah, sire! how can I venture? But I must do so; for, when my wife has set her heart upon any thing, there is nothing left for me but to obey her wishes; and, though I have tried my utmost to dissuade her, all my efforts have been in vain."

"Ah! it is for your wife, then, this wonderful favor? But I shall be delighted to oblige Madame Jacquard. What does she wish?"

"Alas! sire, she has the most unbounded admiration of your Majesty, and she insists on being presented to you."

"What! Monsieur Jacquard! Madame Jacquard does me the honor to wish to be presented to me, and you doubt that I shall be most happy to receive her! If this be all you have to ask me, your wish is granted. Tell me when Madame Jacquard would like to be received, and we will appoint the interview."

"But, sire," interposed poor Jacquard, "your Majesty has no idea of what sort of a person my wife is, nor of what a comical appearance she will make among the ladies of the court."

"Be perfectly at ease on that score, my good Monsieur Jacquard; your wife shall have no reason to complain of her reception. Now we will appoint the time."

"At any hour your Majesty pleases," replied Jacquard.

"To-morrow afternoon, then, at half-past three," replied the Emperor; and thereupon Jacquard, with many acknowledgments, took his leave.

The next day the little old woman arrayed herself in a dress of rich brocade, covered with bunches of enormous red flowers, many times larger than life, which had been her wedding-gown, and had not seen the light for some forty years; so that it was, of course, as far as style, make, and fit were concerned, very decidedly out of fashion. On her head she wore a little mob-cap of rich lace, but antiquated to the last degree, and garnished, at each ear, with a tremendous bunch of red ribbons. with long lappets of lace, that streamed out behind her, like meteors, whenever she moved. Over her shoulders she wore a lace shawl, of the same date as the rest of her costume-that is to say, yellow with age. High-heeled shoes, with immense silver buckles; an enormous watch, set with pearls, and fastened to her side with a golden bodkin, passed through the handle; an infinity of chains, brooches, and rings, that made one think of the days when the Jewish women spoiled the Egyptians, together with a gold-headed cane, completed her attire.

At the appointed time the couple arrived at the royal abode, and were immediately admitted to the Imperial presence. On seeing the Emperor, who stepped forward to receive her, Madame Jacquard dropped on her knees, extending her arms, and

exclaiming, "Now I am ready to die, for I have seen the Emperor face to face!" She would have kissed his feet; but the Emperor, raising her from the ground, with the utmost courtesy, kissed her on the cheek, and thanked her for her affection; telling her that he should expect to see her whenever he came to Lyons. After a few more benevolent words from the Emperor, the couple took their leave, and returned home; Madame Jacquard being in the seventh heaven of satisfaction and delight.

She always spoke of this day as the crowning glory of her life; recounting the scene with great enthusiasm, and always repeating, "And then, you see, the Emperor raised me up in his own arms, and kissed me; yes, kissed me himself, here on my cheek! Since that day I have always said, 'Now, let Death come when he may, I shall die contented!'

## THE MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

BY MISS PHOESE CAREY.

As some sweet nun, through a cloister,
Walks the eve with quiet tread,
And the white stars lay like foam-specks
In the great sea overhead:
Once their light burned down so softly,
Through the tender, melting blue—
Are the planets worn and faded?
Is their glory changing, too?

For not thus they looked upon me,
When to meet me glad feet sped,
Crushing down the early violets
With their quick, impatient tread;
O, not thus they looked upon me,
When their soft light trembling lay
On the vine leaves that were parted
By an eager hand away!

And to-night I'm sadly thinking
Of my friend in seasons past,
And of saying, once at parting,
"This sad parting is our last!"
Thinking how I went repeating,
"Never must I see that face,"
Down the old, familiar pathway,
Till it led me to the place—

Led me to our bower of meeting,
Where all tremblingly I stood,
Saying, "Surely he will come not—
I will fly him if he should!"
O, my heart, thou hast grown stronger,
Since that evening in the shade,
When, by one soft smile, was broken
Every vow that thou hast made!

And was this the sole temptation
That could lightly break each vow?
A soft smile, a word, a footstep,
These were nothing to thee now!

Think of all the words then spoken—
Think of all thou couldst not speak!
Thou wilt marvel that thou ever,
Ever couldst have been so weak.

Thou to-night couldst keep that pathway
To the bower of years agone,
Beating evenly and calmly,
As thou beatest here alone;
Thou couldst listen to that footstep,
Drawing nearer all the while;
And thou couldst—O, couldst thou fly him,
Having dared to meet his smile?

Hand of mine, why dost thou tremble?
Heart of mine, why dost thou thrill?
Chords are touched by memory's finger
That had better have been still.
Ah, with such a sweet temptation,
With such pleading voice within,
Perish hateful, worldly wisdom—
I would be as I have been!

Calling up each blissful vision
Of that summer-time gone by;
Now my heart grows faint with dreaming,
What were it if he were nigh?
O, too well my bosom tells me,
That resolves were still in vain—
As I met him in the starlight,
I would meet him there again!

### DEEP CALLS TO DEEP.

BY REV. HEBRON VINCENT.

"Deep calls to deep," when ocean's trackless path Bold Neptune, angry, lashes into wrath— When winds and tempests on its bosom rise, And mighty waves defy th' embattled skies.

"Deep calls to deep," when, on its billows tossed, The hapless sailors cry, that "all is lost!"— When wrecked their shattered bark they fail to save, And each bereft here finds a wat'ry grave.

"Deep calls to deep," when, on some distant strand, By steam propelled, or favoring breezes fanned, A clownish pilot, or some luckless wight, The noble prow has beached, at dead of night.

"Deep calls to deep," as wave succeeds to wave, And dashes on the rocks the "tar" so brave; He clings to one, till on the billows rush, And, midst the sundered crags, the hopeless crush.

"Deep calls to deep," when, o'er its foamy crest, From far beyond the "Gulf" and "teeming west," The voice comes wailing from Pacific's shore, That friends we cherished we shall greet no more.

"Deep calls to deep," when, from the hand of God, We feel, with pleasing pain, the chastening rod; The depths within respond to depths above, That, though he chastens sore, it is from love.

#### FLOWERS.

BY PLORA.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.
Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul should find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines."

Among all the minor blessings bestowed upon fallen man, by our all-wise Creator, no one produces a more holy or refining influence upon the heart than the sweet blessing of flowers. They dot the wide-spread earth in rich and endless profusion, making its fairest landscapes more lovely by their presence, and lending their perfume to gladden and adorn its most dreary deserts. They spring up in all their purity by the dusty wayside, where the careless foot might crush them, fringing all our high-ways and by-ways with fragrant blossoms, and cheering the hearts of the weary and desponding with fairy visions of delight, speaking of hope to the despairing, and teaching us all to trust in Him who "clothes" even the "grass" with beauty, and extends his protecting care over all the works of his hand. They come to us in the early springtime, ere yet the hardy trees have resumed their summer foliage, rising from the cold bosom of earth, and gazing upward, one could almost fancy, with an eye of trusting faith to Him who bade them bloom amid the brown leaves of the preceding autumn. Who does not love to seek them thus in the woodland's wild retreat, or along the margin of some quiet rivulet-to gaze upon them in their native beds, where the Creator planted and caused them to bud and blossom in solitude, to bless the thoughtful rambler in his lonely walks, and lead his thoughts through "Nature up to Nature's God?" Summer owes all her brightness to their presence; and they linger with us through sunlight and shadow, till the snow of winter chills their delicate veins, and nips them in their bloom. They haunt us in our mid-winter dreams, coming in our sleep, and filling the soul with visions of exquisite beauty, till the enraptured fancy seems roaming among the unfading bowers of Paradise.

Flowers! their beauty and their fragrance are mysteriously blended with our whole existence. The infant of a few months old grasps with eagerness at a rose, crushing in its tiny hand all its beauty, and scattering its delicately scented leaves in careless glee. In early childhood we wander in green pastures, culling the dandelion, cowslip, and Indian pink, twining them in gay, showy garlands to adorn ourselves or some favorite playmate, choosing our flowers only for their bright colors, and casting them from us when withered. But as youth advances, and we learn to reflect, we see poetry as well as beauty in flowers; they become to us sym-

bols of the heart's purest emotions; holy thoughts cluster around them, and they almost seem endowed with a spiritual intelligence, and to sympathize with us in our peculiar emotions. They become endeared to us by association; and a withered flower, devoid of beauty, which we have received from the hand of a cherished friend in other days, is still treasured in our affections, and becomes to us a "talisman of hope and memory." Thus flowers become sacred to the affections; and we love them, not only for their purity and beauty, but for the poetry and fragrance which they throw around our very existence. But when our hearts are touched with a holier love than earthly things can inspire, when we learn of "Him who was meek and lowly in heart," and "Faith looks upward to her God," it is then, and only then, that we feel the sacred mission of flowers-then our souls are prepared to receive the rich lessons of inspired poetry drawn from them by the "Hebrew bards," those holy prophets of old, who saw in the fleeting flowers and waving grass similitudes of our own life, death, and resurrection. Then, too, can we appreciate the beautiful simplicity of our Savior's language, when he bade us, "Consider the lilies of the fields, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Let us then love flowers; let them become to us living teachers, inspiring us with confidence in God, animating us to renewed courage to tread life's dusty pathway with cheerfulness, to receive temporal blessings with gratitude, to bear adversity without repining, and to keep our eye upon the world of light, where the flowers are unfading in their beauty, and where our souls may repose forever in the presence of God. "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they are withered,' that we may enjoy all our "good things" in this life, but that we may, by them, be reminded of the transitory nature of all earthly good, that our hearts may be open to their "sweet influences," that we may adore that wisdom and benevolence which gave them their peerless beauty and lavished upon them such delightful fragrance.

"Ye matin worshipers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bough that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and even ringeth
A call to prayer.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!

Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection

And second birth."

Vol. XI.-18

### MOODS OF THE MIND.

BY MASSI.

"We are the stuff
That dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep."

VERILY, 'tis strange the freaks we play in dreams! Yet this vague transition from day to night enables the mind to condense the thoughts and feelings of a life into an hour. Sleep has its own realm of changeable fancy and cold reality-its dreams of sudden consciousness, tears, and joys commingled, in which all of the past and present, with reminiscences of a pre-existence, colored with panoramic beauty and brightness, comes over us with the freshness of youthful ardor, annihilating time and space, as sunny visions flit round our pillow, lulling to forgetfulness the cares and sorrows of the day-world by the tenderness of loving thought, centered in the heart's best affections, awakening, in unfettered strength, to grasp at far-off aspirations, and range the spirit-land of dreams!

But, Mr. Editor, although I am moody, yet I don't intend to spin out a long string of words, all wildly disheveled and incoherently connected, because, forsooth, my theme may presuppose it. O, no! "Write, and run your chance;" for acceptance is such an inspiration-lifter, that it is hardly worth while to mind my p's and q's. However, as I have moods of the day as well as the night, may I not tell what is away in the blue sky of my heart, fluttering for escape in the shape of hopes and fears?

Life, the embodiment of mystery, the power of the Eternal, from whence this beating pulse, this throbbing brow? The love of purity and worth, as we gaze, with rapt admiration, upon its influence over the possessor, and yet sigh that it can not be defined and extracted from the invisible? Strange beings that we are, gifted with thought and physical action, reason and judgment, and yet unable to comprehend from whence originated such varied faculties and powers, alike to mind and life unknown. It was thus I mused last eve, when the holy joys of another Sabbath were mingling with the past, now gone forever, with all the silent monitors of conscience, the good and evil things of a day. What deeds, what hidden springs of action, hourly glide from earth to tell in eternity! Take cognizance, O my soul, on this all-absorbing subject, and guard, with renewed vigor, every avenue to the heart through which the wily tempter may allure thee from thy God.

The moon just now is shining with a mellow radiance upon my pathway, having recently emerged from a bank of dark clouds, and the shadowy emblem is so appropriate to the loving, beaming presence of Jehovah, after the rebellious doubts of Christian acceptance, which sometimes beset the soul and hold it captive, that when it frees itself from the struggle, how like the calm majesty of Luna, when gliding from the black canopy, is the witness of the Spirit gently distilled in the soul!

#### KIND WORDS.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

Kind words! O what a potent spell
Dwells in those children of the soul!
To soothe the heart by sorrow pierced,
And rule it by their sweet control.
Like accents from an angel's tongue,
Bearing a message from the sky,
They come; and sorrow turns to joy,
And smiles repress the rising sigh.

Kind words! how blessed are the lips
Whence fall the words of peace and love!
They speak, e'en while on earth below,
The language they shall speak above.
'Twas thus the blessed Savior spoke,
When wearily our earth he trod,
And kindly he is calling still,
From earth and sin, to heaven and God.

Kind words! O, earth like heaven would be,
And sweet would be our fellowship,
If kind thoughts dwelt in ev'ry heart,
And kind words hallowed ev'ry lip!
For O, through all eternity,
In heaven there never will be heard,
To break its glorious harmony,
A bitter or an unkind word!

Kind words! they fall, from lips we love,
Like evening dew on drooping flowers,
And to the desert of the heart
They come like sweet, refreshing showers.
Speak kindly, then, and every word
Of thine, within some heart, shall be
A link in love's mysterious chain,
To bind it ever unto thee.

#### ON SEEING LESSING'S MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.

BY ALICE GARBY.

I call him great, who, with defiance hurled
At what all wisdom until then believed,
Hath, standing up alone, exclaimed, "The world
Has been deceived!"

O, 'tis a mighty genius that decrees
His work, while thunders of dissension roll,
Who, from the blind beliefs of centuries,
Unwraps his soul,

And, with the cross above the crosier reared,
Plows the dark field of heresy to gold,
Plucking, with reckless daring, the white beard
Of errors old;

Who, while the executioners lay bare,
With smile-crooked lips, the torture's awful forms,
Keeps heaven within his heart, and ends his prayer
In Mercy's arms.

#### THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1851.

WHITEFIELD AS AN ORATOR. BY PROFESSOR LARRASEE.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was a man whose like the world has seldom seen. He was endowed with genius of a high, a very high order—the genius of eloquence. He excelled, not as a thinker, a writer, or a manager, but as a preacher. His elocution was perfect. Not a word was at fault; not an emphasis misplaced; not a syllable incorrectly pronounced; not a tone erroneously inclined. He used, in speaking, much action, generally

appropriate and always striking.

The secret of his unbounded popularity and unparalleled success, as a preacher, may be found partly in the impassioned fervor, the unquestionable sincerity, and the solemn earnestness of his manner. When he stood up on some rising knoll, in the open field, and saw before him twenty thousand human souls, he looked on them all as sinners, exposed to perdition. He preached to them as if he supposed they might never hear another sermon. So intense were often his emotions, that he would appear to lose all command of himself. He would weep bitterly, and appear as if his whole frame were trembling with dissolution. Recovering, he would say, "You blame me for weeping; but how can I help it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are on the verge of destruction, and, for aught I know, you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you!"

Mr. Hume, who, though a skeptic, was often induced, by his love of eloquence, to hear Whitefield, says, that once, after a most earnest and impassioned appeal to the sinner, he paused awhile, as if in deep thought, and then said, "The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven. Shall he not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his way?" stamping with his foot, and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he exclaimed, with an imploring voice, "Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and carry with you the news of one sinner converted to

God."

He often turned transient incidents to powerful effect. As he was once preaching to an immense congregation, assembled in a large chapel, dark thunder-clouds came suddenly flitting by, throwing their grim shadows over the scene. He stood looking a moment at a shadow gliding over the floor, and then exclaimed, "See that emblem of human life! It was there for a moment, concealing the brightness of heaven from our view, but it is gone. And where will you, my hearers, be when your life has passed, like that dark cloud? O, sinner, by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be aroused! Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you!" At this moment a flash of lightning played over the corner of the pulpit. Pointing to it, he exclaimed, "See there! It is a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah!" Presently a tremendous crash of thunder broke over the building. Raising his finger in a listening attitude, he exclaimed, "Hark! Did you hear that? It was the voice of the Almighty, as he passed by in his anger!" Then dropping on his knees, and covering his face with his hands, he appeared

lost in silent, intense prayer. Rapidly passed the storm away. The sun shone forth brilliant, and the beautiful rainbow spanned the heavens. Rising again to his feet, and pointing to the heavenly arch, as it was seen through the chapel windows, he said, "Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him who made it. Very beautiful is it in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heav-ens about with glory, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.'

Eloquence like this could not fail to move a people accustomed to listen to written prayers, and dull and spiritless readings of dry sermons. It often, however, happens that the effects of such talent as he possessed, in so great excellence, are evanescent. It was thus with Whitefield. He accomplished a vast amount of good by his untiring zeal and irresistible eloquence. He could draw tears from eyes unused to weep, and money, for charitable purposes, from hands unused to give. His great power was often brought into requisition for pleading the cause of the poor, the distressed, the unfortunate. If a city had suffered from a destructive fire, he was ready to appeal to the public for relief. If Christians, in the intolerant dominions of some bigoted monarch, suffered confiscation and exile, he was on hand to preach in their behalf. The widow, the orphan, the outcast, the persecuted, all shared the fruits of his transcendent power to awaken public sympathy. Yet he laid few plans for enterprises of benevolence, to be prosecuted by others after his death. The only institution he labored to make permanent—the orphan house in Georgia-survived him but a few years. It was burnt down, and never rebuilt.

He never aspired to be the leader of any religious organization. The societies of Calvinistic Methodists, in connection with him in England and Wales, were under the guidance of Lady Huntington, rather than of Whitefield. He seemed to feel that his business was not to form societies, but to preach; not to organize an ecclesiastical system, but to convert sinners. He wrote but little, and that little is no way remarkable for strength, or taste, or eloquence. He committed his sermons to the ear of the people, as the Cumean sibyl did her oracles to the wind-driven leaves, regardless of gathering them up for future purposes. Preaching was his ruling passion. He cared nothing for money. He was once offered a salary of four thousand dollars a year, if he would settle in Philadelphia, with the privilege of "ranging" half the time, but he refused it. A lady in Scotland offered him, as a personal gift, a fortune of thirty-five thousand dollars, but he declined receiving it. He cared nothing for applause. It mattered not to him whether the world caressed or persecuted him, if only he could see sinners converted. He cared nothing whatever for ease, or what the world calls glory or

For many years before he died his health was extremely poor. He often traveled hundreds of miles, and preached fourteen or fifteen times every week, when he was so sick that he could hardly sit up after preaching. Most other men, however zealous, would, in his condition of health, wholly retire from public life. While we think, as we have said, his influence much less permanent than that of Wesley, we would, by no means, undervalue his labors. Methodism owes him much. He was the earliest and most efficient coadjutor of Wesley. He led the way in the great measures of field-preaching, so effective in early times. By his eloquence he aroused the attention of the slumbering Churches of Europe and America.

The only incidents in his remarkable life, unpleasant to remember, are those connected with the disagreement between him and Wesley on the Calvinian controversy. This controversy produced, for a short time only, estrangement of feeling. Such men, however, as Wesley and Whitefield could not long remain estranged. They agreed to disagree on a few points, and to agree on all others. They never materially dis-

If they that, in this world, "turn many to righteousness," in the world to come "shine as stars forever and ever," how dazzling bright must be the crown that decks the brow of George Whitefield! Hundreds, on earth, met him, as he was revisiting the scenes of former labors, and acknowledged him as the means of converting them from the error of their ways; but countless thousands more must, ere this, have met him in the heavenly world, and hailed him as the honored instrument of Providence in their salvation.

# SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

BEAUTIFUL and tranquil as the country ever looks, compared to the deafening din and stifling smoke of cities, there is still a holier repose and calmer tranquillity hanging around it on the Sabbath, as if even Nature herself was resting in the midst of her works. A hallowed quietude seems to reign about the earth, the voices of the laborers are no longer heard in the fields-the creaking of the wagon, the cracking of the whip, and the shouting of the driver, are exchanged for the softened sound of the distant village bells, that peal far and wide over the surrounding landscape, echoing from the wood, and reverberating from the steep hill-side, till dying away in their very faintness among hollow dells and hidden dingles. Far as the eye can reach, you see rustic groups threading their way over many a winding footpath and broad high-road; along the wood, and across the hill, and out of the valley they pour, in all kinds of picturesque costumes, and all journeying onward toward the same place-to where the tall spire points its silent finger to the sky, as if beckoning them to that hallowed spot; there to kneel, where their gray forefathers before them have for ages knelt, at the footstool of the almighty Creator. The village church seems to rise up like the temple of God in the midst of his own beautiful works; for there are neither tall chimneys nor huge manufactories at hand to proclaim the power and triumph of man over labor, in the wonderful construction of machinery. All around you is primitive, simple, and pastoral. Those rustic worshipers move along with feelings which are almost unknown to the indwellers of cities, for their existence hangs upon the very changes of the elements-they feel that they are approaching him who hath power to hold or give the rain, whose mighty hand can throw a shadow across the sunshine, and prevent its warmth and light from reaching the earth, "who sendeth seed-time and harvest," and poureth his bounteous plenty over the land: they live under the eye of Heaven-the blue sky or the green leaves are ever above and around them; they are hemmed in with the works of God's own hand, instead of the walled cities built by man.

On the Sabbath you seem to walk more alone amid his works; you no longer behold man there at his labor,

though the flowers blow, the birds sing, and the bee goes on murmuring beside the river that pauseth not in its low, sweet song, yet even these sounds seem subdued, as if they felt the holy stillness which pervades the Sabbath. All around speaks of peace; whichever way you turn the eye you see some object which tells you that man has ceased from his labor-the broad-wheeled wagon stands motionless in the shed; the edge of the sharp sythe is covered, and hung upon the wall; the horses move to and fro almost without a sound, for they are no longer cumbered by their jingling harness; even the very shepherd-dog lies coiled up in a corner, basking in the sunshine, as if he, too, knew that it was a day of rest; for a dreamy quietness seems to have settled down upon every field, farm, and homestead. You miss the noisy prattle of the village children in the green lanes, the whistling and singing of the elder ones as they went to and fro on their errands from field to farm-for they are gathered together under the slated roof of the humble Sunday school; and at intervals, from the open windows, you catch the faint sound of some plaintive hymn, while they raise the song of praise which ascends to heaven. And on this day the poor laborer, who has passed the whole week amid the quiet and solitariness of the fields-leaving his cottage early in the morning, and returning to it again late in the evening to find his children asleep as when he left them, after being wearied with their long day's play-even he has the pleasure of seeing them one day out of seven, gathering round his table, and climbing upon his knees, and telling him about all the wonderful things they have seen and heard since the last Sabbath-fondly asking him when it will be Sunday again, and hoping it will come soon, that he may spend the whole day at home with them.

The very village seems to sleep in the still sunshine of the Sabbath-the air no longer rings with the heavy hammering of the blacksmith: his shop is closed, and the rustic gossip gone that leaned for the hour together over the unlatticed window-sill; the plane no longer whistles in the joiner's shed; around the wheelwright's door every axle is at rest, and you behold only the proud cock and his feathered dames scratching among the chips and shavings: if the children sit beside the village brook, you miss the little boat which was so great an object of interest to them, for it is put away somewhere till the following day; and all they have to amuse themselves with now is, to throw in a weed or a flower and watch it float silently away. The hoop is hung up in the shed, the kite on its accustomed nail behind the door, bats and balls are all taken away, the little barrow lies with its wheels uppermost at the bottom of the garden, the spotted wooden horse without its head is thrust underneath the seat in the summer-house, and the tiny cart, which is filled with new occupants from morning till night, the scene of many a squabble, and many a kiss, has for one day found rest for its weary wheels.

In the woods you find the same Sabbath-like silence reign-you no longer hear the sound made by the old fagot-gatherer as she snaps some fallen and rotten bough sharply asunder, before thrusting it into her huge bundle of sticks; you miss the noisy shouts of the boisterous bird's-nesters, and no longer see their ragged figures diving in and out of the underwood as they examine bush after bush, and tree after tree. The ax of the woodman is silent. In the vast fields that slope down the

hill-sides, dipping and stretching away to the very verge of the river, not a human figure is visible, unless it be some wandering pedestrian enjoying his solitary Sunday walk. Where but the day before you saw groups of men, and women, and children busily employed in field-work, now nothing moves-their rakes, and hoes, and weeding-hooks are thrown together in a heap beside the hedge, there to await the coming morrow. Even on the river the boats are moored, just in the place where the last tide left them, for they have not moved a single length since the Sabbath-day settled down; the angler has left its banks, and the rower has quitted his boat, the wheel of the water-mill is still; and all you see of motion there is the willows swaying idly in the breeze, and the water-flags rocking to the rippling of the current.

The deepening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound;
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;

The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

JOHN B. GOUGH.
BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELED.

In the early part of January, of the year 1845, I was residing in Philadelphia, and finding, one dull, drizzling, damp morning, that time hung heavily on my hands, I made an attempt at killing it by applying to that usual refuge for the destitute tourists-the newspapers. I soon digested the whole of their contents, having, from the paucity of information contained in the various hebdomadals, actually devoured the advertisements, which, by the way, were the most amusing portions of the broad sheets. This resource being exhausted, what was I to do? It was not a day for walking, and were it so, I had seen every thing of note in and about the beautiful city of Brotherly Love. The Hall of Independence, the Mint, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Franklin's Grave, the Girard College, had all been visited, and how was I to amuse myself, a stranger in a strange place?

I sauntered to the window of my hotel, and there had a melancholy view of the damp roof of the Market-House. Tiring of this prospect, I planted myself before the stove, and in pure desperation took up a pamphlet on temperance which lay on the table. There was not much in it to interest me, but it was better, I thought, than nothing, so I read on—turning the leaves over and over, on the principle which makes a squirrel turn in his circular cage. I read because I couldn't help it.

There were several notices in that temperance pamphlet of various lecturers on the subject of total abstinence; and a perfect host of paragraphs respecting one of them, a young man named Gough, who had, it seemed, been creating quite a "sensation" wherever he appeared. Anecdotes of considerable interest were quoted as having been related by him, and, from all accounts, his progress through the various cities and towns of the Union seemed to have been a very march of triumph.

I am passionately fond of eloquent public speaking,

and therefore felt a great desire to hear Mr. Gough; nor was my wish long ungratified, for the rain being "over and gone," I sauntered down Chestnut-street, and in my way saw a bill which announced that Mr. Gough would address the people of Philadelphia in a church, on the following Sunday evening; and thither at the appointed hour I repaired, expecting to be disappointed, for I have generally found much-vaunted men to fall far short of the standard erected by their admirers.

Mr. Gough's fame having "flown before him," the church was, long before the appointed time, crowded to overflowing. I occupied a seat in the gallery, and in common with hundreds waited anxiously for the appearance of the second Father Mathew. As seven o'clock drew near, every eye was strained in order to catch the first glimpse of him. There was a perfect furor. Surely, thought I, he must be something above the mark! but stay.

The minister, who regularly officiates in the church, goes into the pulpit and sits down. One or two persons behind me say it is after seven o'clock, and very much fear that Mr. Gough is not coming, and they are only going to have a sermon after all. Presently there is a str near the door, and a grave-looking, spectacled personage, with hair

"Half way
On the road from grizzle to gray,"

is seen pushing, with monstrous difficulty, through the crowd. He is followed by a young man, or rather by a young man's head, for whether a body belongs to it is doubtful-if there be, it bids fair to be so flatly squeezed as to render seeing it edgeways a matter of difficulty. On the grave-looking gentleman and his companion push, and at length arrive at the foot of the stairs leading to the pulpit. "There he goes! that's Gough! him with the spectacles on," whispers one to another, as the grave-looking personage ascends the steps-no, that can not be the orator, for we are told he is much younger. Another individual mounts, and a buzz goes roundagain a disappointment! it is only the sexton, who is about to regulate the refractory gas-burner. Perhaps the secretary-for such is the gentleman with gray hair and spectacles-is going to apologize for Mr. Gough's unexpected, unavoidable absence, etc. O! no-no such thing, for you may see a young man following the sexton, and all at once every eye is fixed on him, for every body whispers to every body else, "That's him," and this time they are right, for Mr. J. B. Gough it is.

What! that pale, thin young man—with a brown overcoat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would
have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required
point of the compass—that him who has swayed multitudes by his oratory—made strong men weep like little
children, and women to sob as if their hearts would
burst! Yes; look at his large, expressive eye—mark
every feature, and you see the stamp of no common
man there. The young apostle of temperance is before us.

After a brief address from Mr. Marsh, and a prayer from the pastor of the Church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr. Gough came forward. I had now a better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale, and there needed no very scrutinizing eye to detect on the brow of youth, furrows which time and trouble had prematurely plowed there. His cheeks were very pale, somewhat sunken, and their muscles were very distinctly

marked. The mouth, by far the most expressive feature of the face, was of a benevolent formation, if I may so describe it, and at times a smile of inexpressible sweetness lurked about it-a quantity of dark hair nearly covered his forehead, yet leaving one temple bare, indicating a brain of more than ordinary capacity. In dress he was extremely simple-plain black-taken altogether, I have seldom at a first glance felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man, and I have seen many, as I did in Mr. Gough.

It would be easy enough to give the matter of Mr. Gough's address, but to convey any thing except a very slender idea of his manner, would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully appreciated he must be heard. He commenced by disclaiming any intention of entering on an argument, and said that he should mainly depend on facts, the results of his own experience, or those of others which had fallen under his notice. He then described his own career as an intemperate man, and drew pictures of such terrific power, and yet so truthful, that his hearers shuddered as they listened to the dreadful details. To me, intemperance had never before appeared in all its horrible, startling hideousness. The impressions made by Mr. Gough on his audience seemed to be profound; and many of his pathetical anecdotes drew tears " from eyes unused to weep."

It being Sabbath evening, Mr. Gough did not indulge in any reminiscences of a ludicrous nature, but confined himself to a delineation of the awful features of intemperance, as exhibited every hour in our daily paths. His illustrations were marvelously felicitous, and most aptly introduced. Never did he utter any thing approaching to vulgarity, and often his eloquence was of a high order. He told us that he had never known the advantages of education-a fact which none would have suspected; that he had left England at twelve years of age; had suffered from poverty and want in their direct forms, and had felt, when death had robbed him of all who made life dear, that he was utterly alone. It was the most awfully interesting autobiography I ever lis-

During that week, and the week following, Mr. Gough lectured to congregated thousands in Philadelphia; and so fascinated was I by his eloquence, that, with the exception of two meetings, I heard all his addresses. The excitement was tremendous. To obtain any chance of hearing him, seats were obliged to be procured more than an hour and a half before the time of commencement. Gallery, and pulpit stairs, and aisles were thronged with people of every class. I shall never forget the scene at the Chinese Museum, where, on two occasions, three thousand people paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of hearing him; and, even then, hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Gough enchained that vast audience, for two hours, by one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. At one moment he convulsed them with merriment, and, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and passions; and yet, with all, there was so much of humility, that one knew not which most to admirethe man or his matter.

Mr. Gough is an admirable mimic, and tells a story with more point than, Charles Matthews excepted, any other story-teller I ever listened to. His sarcasms tell with effect, and his pathetic narrations of the household

distresses are graphic in the extreme. I should not like to be the object of his denunciations, for he lanches his thunders with an unsparing hand, as the traffickers in rum can testify. He sings, too, and very sweetly: few can refrain from tears when hearing his "long, long ago." Taken altogether, it may be safely said that Mr. Gough is one of those men whom the Almighty calls out, at certain periods, to wage his battles, and effect great moral reforms. Mr. Gough is, emphatically, a man for the times!

I forgot to remark, that our orator's voice is extremely musical, and of flexible tone; at times as sweet as that of the eloquent Henry Smith-a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day, and surnamed the silver-tonguedand, at others, pouring forth, torrent-like, in eloquent invective. In fine, he has all the requisites for an efficient public speaker, and nobly does he bring all his energies to bear while engaged in discussing his favorite theme-temperance, to which he feels he owes so much.

It should not be forgotten by Mr. Gough's wide, and still expanding circle of friends, that their favorite speaker's talents are confined in an earthly casket, and that the vast amount of labor which he performs must of necessity affect his health. Let those who value his influence, be careful of the man; and not, by overworking him now, prevent his future usefulness. It is evident that he is suffering from overwork; indeed, human nature can not long support such prodigious efforts as his. The lives of such men are of priceless value. That he may long be spared to effect still greater reforms in our moral and social circles, is the heart-felt prayer of one who, after Father Mathew had failed to convince him of the error of "drink," heard from J. B. Gough, his junior only in years, such statements as induced him to sign the plcdge.

> SONG OF THE INVALID. BY CHARLES WILTON,

COME, sister, leave your work awhile, And sit you down by me, And smile again the cheerful smile I always loved to see. Say if the birds will soon be here, And when the bees will hum: I've only you to tell me, dear, When spring and summer come: For, lain in bed, I scarcely know How spring and summer come and go.

The morning air is not so cold, Nor evening half so chill; The winter snows have lost their hold, And trickle down the hill. Say, is it not so, sister mine? But, ah! you're sure to bring The earliest buds our branches twine, As harbingers of spring. I hail those flowers, though poor they be; Their fragrance breathes of health to me.

O, sister Lizzie! Life's a prize Again may be my own; I feel sometimes my spirit rise With freshness in its tone; But if I live, or if I die, To Him I've learned to bow Who never failed when grief was nigh, And who supports me now; Who gives me what I dared not claim, The noblest friends my heart could name. THE SKY-LARK AND THE OWL.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING, D. D.

DOES Jeremy Taylor, that Chrysostom of the English pulpit, seek for an illustration to exhibit the connection that ever exists between genuine humility and exalted piety, between a lowly mind and a heavenly mind? His habit of observation has led him to notice that the English sky-lark builds her nest on the ground, lowlier than all the feathered tribe, and yet that she soars the highest, filling the morning air with her sweet and cheerful notes. His memory has treasured up this fact, and his ready perception has suggested to his mind the application of the analogy, thus producing that beautiful comparison which has been so happily versified by Montgomery, and which, though the reader has seen before, will be read with pleasure here:

"The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath HUMILITY.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of HUMILITY."

But Jeremy Taylor observes yet further. He sees the little bird, perchance on some stormy morning, beating against the wind in its upward flight, and compelled to return, and to rest, panting, on the ground, till it can recover strength for the renewal of its flight; and again his fertile and poetic mind perceives another beautiful analogy. The little bird is now the good man's spirit, struggling to ascend toward the throne of mercy, yet impeded in its heavenward flight by the unhallowed tempest of earthly corruption, and able to renew its flight and soar aloft only when passion and pride are conquered. "For so have I seen," says he, "a lark, rising from its bed of grass, and soar upward, singing as it rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climbing above the clouds; but the poor bird was driven back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as though it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed through the air, about his ministry here below."

How many persons might have seen the lark rising from her lowly nest on her morning flight, beheld her struggles as she breasted the east wind, or heard her sweet notes as she soared aloft, whose habits of observation would have been too small, or whose perception of analogies too obtuse to gather from the feathered instructor any lesson which might illustrate the experience or the conflicts of the Christian pilgrim on his journey to the skies.

Thus, too, a hundred persons might see the owl, taking a stealthy flight "athwart the noon," without gathering any lesson of instruction, or perceiving in the midday sail of the bird of night, any significant illustration or analogy; but a mind like that of Coleridge, perceives in it an emblem of Atheism, "willingly igno-

rant" and willfully blind; and clothes his perception in the drapery of grand and beautiful poetry:

> "Forth from his dark and murky hiding-place— Portentous sight—the owlet Atheism, Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon, Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close, And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven, Cries out, 'WHERE IS 17?'"

Thus may one person witness or read the singular fact, that the ostrich, when closely pressed by the hunter, will thrust his head into the cleft of a rock, or the holow of a tree, foolishly imagining that because he can no longer see his pursuer, the hunter can no longer see him; and the curiosity of that person may be awakened and gratified, but he shall gain no second idea; while another person whose mind has been trained to perceive analogies, and who is watching to pluck the flowers of illustration from every field, shall at once perceive, in the silly bird, a striking analogy of "the fool who says in his heart—No Goo!" willfully blinds his eyes against the evidence of a coming retribution, and then vainly dreams of safety, till avenging justice overtakes him, and he finds, when it is too late, that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

GIRLS should be taught the claims of duty, as being far above those of pleasure; and parents would do well to consider, that pleasures of the higher sort can not be enjoyed unless through the medium of a healthy physical system. Nor ought the claims of the next generation upon the proper education of this to be altogether disregarded. Girls ought to be taught to get early to bed, and get up betimes in the morning. There is always household work to do in a family, which they would not bemean themselves by taking part in. Every girl should make her own bed, toss the bedding and mattress about, leaving all to the free influence of the atmosphere for some hours, before tidying up. There are rooms to dust, and clean, and put in order; meals to prepare, and to know how to do this properly is the duty of every woman. At least, let exercise be taken freely out of doors; get out into the fields, not in a listless, melancholy walk, but with a spirit full of cheerfulness and love of life. A cultivated mind will extract pleasure from nature of the highest kind. And when books are read, let them be of an improving and instructive kind. There is no need for sitting for hours together on a music-stool, drumming at a piano-forte. This is another fertile source of nervousness among young women. Female children are too ordinarily set to music whether they have an ear for it or not, because, forsooth, it is a fashionable branch of education; and so they drum away for years, occupying a great deal of time that might have been infinitely better employed, and laying in a stock of "nerves," sick-headaches, and morbid irritability. Much of the time now spent by growing girls on a music-stool, in the futile attempt to cultivate a taste and acquire an art, for which nature has not qualified them-to laboriously learn the fingering of a piano or a harp, which they at once give up and think no more about, so soon as they are free to take their own course-much of the time so wasted would be much better employed in children's games, in a good hearty romp, in battledore and shuttlecock, in skipping-rope, or in any kind of play or exercise out of doors, in the open air and the

sunshine. And if girls go out to take an airing, see that it be not in the dull, boarding-school procession—pale-faced creatures walking two and two along a high-road at a stated hour—often a melancholy sight enough; but let it be a cheerful walk; let them run, ride, tomp if they like in the open air. Let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley: let them plant and cultivate the garden—one of the most healthy and delightful of all employments—make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and above all, let them take no medicine, except when the doctor orders. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up, but they would not find one of them on whom they could exercise any power.

# ROBERT POLLOK.

IT was in the spirit of devout self-consecration that Pollok entered on the composition of "The Course of Time," in the beginning of December, 1824, and at the age of twenty-seven. The first hint of his poem, we learn from some interesting reminiscences by his brother, was suggested by Byron's lines to darkness, which he took up one evening in a moment of great mental desolation. While perusing those lines, he was led to think of the resurrection as a theme on which something new might be written. He proceeded, and on the same night finished a thousand verses, intending that the subject of the poem should be the resurrection. Meanwhile, thoughts and images crowded upon his mind, which it would have been unnatural to introduce, under such a theme; when all at once the whole plan of his work rose before him, with the completeness and the vividness of a prophet's vision. "One night," says his brother, "while he was sitting alone in Moorhouse old room, letting his mind wander back and forward over things at large, in a moment, as if by an immediate inspiration, the idea of the poem struck him, and the plan of it, as it now stands, stretched out before him; so that at one glance he saw through it from end to end, like an avenue, with the resurrection as only part of the scene. He never felt, he said, as he did then; and he shook from head to foot, overpowered with feeling: knowing that to pursue the subject was to have no middle way between great success and great failure. From this time, in selecting and arranging materials, he saw through the plan so well, that he knew to what book, as he expressed it, the thoughts belonged whenever they set up their heads."

From this time till the finishing of his poem, his whole soul was on fire with his subject. In the old room at Moorhouse, on the sublime path between Moorhouse and Eaglesham, when hastening to join the worshipers on the "hallowed morn," on the lofty summits of Balagich, and, oftenest of all, when he communed with his own heart upon his bed and was silent, he was struggling with his great argument, and seeking to give to the images of truth that moved before his spirit "immortal shape and form." Thoughts rushed upon his mind as if, like the widow's cruse, it had been supplied by miracle, and only the weariness and faintness of his body seemed to clog the movements of a spirit that, at this period, spurned repose.

There is one fact connected with this composition which we have peculiar pleasure in recording. His

brother informs us that "he kept the Bible constantly beside him, and read in different places of it, according to the nature of what he was composing; so that his mind, it may be said, was all along regulated by the Bible. Finally, he prayed, morning and evening, for direction and assistance in the work." "The Course of Time" is thus literally the fruit of prayer; the inspiration that dictated it was implored on bended knees; and those beautiful lines of his invocation are not a mere compliance with the fashions of poets, but the genuine "cardiphonia—the deep utterance of the heart."

#### THE COLLEGE-BRED BEAR.

On a certain memorable day in 1847, a large hamper reached Oxford, England, per Great Western railway, and was in due time delivered, according to its direction, at Christchurch, consigned to Francis Buckland, Esq., a gentleman well known in the University for his fondness for natural history. He opened the hamper, and the moment the lid was removed out jumped a creature about the size of an English sheep dog, covered with long shaggy hair, of a brownish color. This was a young bear, born on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, a few months before, who had now arrived to receive his education at our learned University. The moment that he was released from his irksome attitude in the hamper, he made the most of his liberty, and, the door of the room being open, he rushed down from the cloisters. Service was going on in the chapel, and, attracted by the pealing organ, or some other motive, he made at once for the chapel. Just as he arrived at the door, the stout verger happened to come thither from within, and the moment he saw the impish-looking creature that was rushing into his domain, he made a tremendous flourish with his silver wand, and, darting into the chapel, ensconced himself in a tall pew, the door of which he bolted. Tiglath-pi-lezer, as the bear was called, being scared by the silver wand, turned from the chapel, and scampered frantically about the large quadrangle, putting to flight the numerous parties of dogs, who in those days made that spot their afternoon's rendezvous. After a sharp chase, a gown was thrown over Tig, and he was with difficulty secured. During the struggle, he got one of the fingers of his new master into his mouth, anddid he bite it off? No, poor thing! but began vigorously sucking it, with that peculiar mumbling noise for which bears are remarkable. Thus was he led back to Mr. Buckland's rooms, walking all the way on his hind legs, and sucking the finger with all his might. A collar was put round his neck, and Tig became a prisoner. His good-nature and amusing tricks soon made him a prime favorite with the undergraduates; a cap and gown were made, attired in which-to the great scandal of the dons-he accompanied his master to breakfasts and wine parties, where he contributed greatly to the amusement of the company, and partook of good things, his favorite viands being muffins and ices. He was in general of an amiable disposition, but subject to fits of rage, during which his violence was extreme; but a kind word, and a finger to suck, soon brought him round. He was most impatient of solitude, and would cry for hours when left alone, particularly if it was dark. It was this unfortunate propensity which brought him into especial disfavor with the dean of Christchurch, whose Greek quantities and hours of rest were sadly disturbed by Tig's lamentations.

On one occasion he was kept in college till after the

gates had been shut, and there was no possibility of getting him out without the porter seeing him, when there would have been a fine of ten shillings to pay the next morning; for during this term an edict had gone forth against dogs, and the authorities not being learned in zoology, could not be persuaded that a bear was not a Tig was, therefore, tied in a court-yard near his master's rooms; but that gentleman was soon brought out by his piteous cries, and could not pacify him in any other way than by bringing him into his rooms; and at bedtime Tig was chained to the post at the bottom of the bed, where he remained quiet till daylight, and then, shuffling on to the bed, awoke his master by licking his face. He took no notice, and presently Tig deliberately put his hind legs under the blankets, and covered himself up; there he remained till chapel time, when his master left him, and on his return found that the young gentleman had been amusing himself, during his solitude, by overturning every thing he could get at in the room, and, apparently, had had a quarrel and fight with the looking-glass, which was broken to pieces, and the wood-work bitten all over. The perpetrator of all this havoc sat on the bed, looking exceedingly innocent, but rocking backward and forward as if conscious of guilt, and doubtful of the consequences. Near to Tig's house there was a little monkey tied to a tree, and Jacko's great amusement was to make grimaces at Tig; and when the latter composed himself to sleep in the warm sunshine, Jacko would cautiously descend from the tree, and, twisting his fingers in Tig's long hair, would give him a sharp pull, and in a moment was up the tree again, chattering and clattering his chain. Tig's anger was most amusing: he would run backward and forward on his hind legs, sucking his paws, and, with his eyes fixed on Jacko, uttering all sorts of threats and imprecations, to the great delight of the monkey. He would then again endeavor to take a nap, only to be again disturbed by his little tormentor. However, these two animals established a truce, became excellent friends, and would sit for half an hour together, confronting each other, apparently holding a conversation. At the commencement of the long vacation, Tig, with the other members of the University, retired into the country, and was daily taken out for a walk around the village, to the great astonishment of the bumpkins. There was a little shop, kept by an old dame who sold whip-cord, sugar-candy, and other matters; and here, on one occasion, Tig was treated to sugar-candy. Soon afterward he got loose, and at once made off for the shop, into which he burst, to the unutterable terror of the spectacled and high-capped old lady, who was knitting stockings behind the counter. The moment she saw his shaggy head, and heard the appalling clatter of his chain, she rushed up stairs in a delirium of terror. When assistance arrived, the offender was discovered, seated on the counter, helping himself most liberally to brown sugar; and it was with some difficulty, and after much resistance, that he was dragged away.

Mr. Buckland had made a promise that Tig should pay a visit to a village about six miles distant, and determined that he should proceed thither on horseback. As the horse shied whenever the bear came near him, there was some difficulty in getting him mounted; but at last his master managed to pull him up by the chain, while the horse was held quiet. Tig at first took up his position in front, but soon walked round and stood up on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on his master's shoulders.

To him this was exceedingly pleasant, but not so to the horse, who, not being accustomed to carry two, and feeling Tig's claws, kicked and plunged to rid himself of the extra passenger. Tig held on like grim death, and stuck in his claws most successfully; for, in spite of all the efforts of the horse, he was not thrown. In this way the journey was performed, the country folks opening their eyes at the apparition.

This reminds us of an anecdote mentioned by Mr. Lloyd. A peasant had reared a bear, which became so tame, that he used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge, when on a journey; but the bear kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing Bruin off his equilibrium. This went on for some time, till the animal became so irritated, that he gave his master, who was in front of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw, which frightened the man so much, that he caused the bear to be killed immediately. This, as he richly deserved the thump, was a shabby retailation.

When term commenced, Tiglath-pi-lezer returned to the University, much altered in appearance; for, being of the family of silver bears of Syria, his coat had become almost white. He was much bigger and stronger, and his teeth had made their appearance, so that he was rather more difficult to manage. The only way to restrain him when in a rage, was to hold him by the ears; but, on one occasion, having lost his temper, he tore his cap and gown to pieces. About this time the British Association paid a visit to Oxford, and Tig was an object of much interest. The writer was present on several occasions when he was introduced to breakfast parties of eminent savans, and much amusement was created by his tricks, albeit they were a little rough. In more than one instance he made sad havoc with book-muslins and other fragile articles of female attire; on the whole, however, he conducted himself with great propriety, especially at an evening meeting at Dr. Daubeny's, where he was much noticed, to his evident pleasure.

Still, however, the authorities of Christchurch, not being zoologists, had peculiar notions respecting bears; and at length, after numerous threats and pecuniary penalties, the fatal day arrived, and Tig's master was informed that either "he or the bear must leave Oxford the next morning." There was no resisting this, and poor Tig was, accordingly, put into a box-a much larger one than that in which he had arrived-and sent off to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Here he was placed in a comfortable den by himself; but, alas! he missed the society to which he had been accustomed, the excitement of a college life, and the numerous charms by which the University was endeared to him; he refused his food; he ran perpetually up and down his den, in the vain hope to escape, and was one morning found dead-a victim to a broken heart!

PETTY annoyances are the forgotten seeds, which, having been thrown by the wayside of a matrimonial journey, spring up in the shape of apathy or loathing. They are the sparks which lie smoldering in the dead wood of the affections, and burst out when least expected. They are the particles of sand which a long compression hardens into stone; they are the nothings out of which the world of misery is made.

WHEN I WAS A BOY

WHEN I was a boy! What a store of dear and cherished recollections, long hoarded in memory's richest and rarest treasury, those spell words unlock! They are the "open sesame" to all the visions of young enchantment, that brooded over our fresh imaginations, ere yet harsh contact with the work-day world of reality dulled their hues or dissipated their glory. Even now, in the mere memory, seen through the thickening atmosphere of the shadowy past, how powerfully do they affect us: how strongly do they enchain to themselves the heart's best feelings, gaining in the tender gentleness with which we invest them, an interest, so graceful and touching, that it perhaps more than counterbalances what is lost of their original radiance.

When I was a boy! Surely my nature must have changed since-my mode of existence must have been altered. Can I be that thing of fairy-land, that dweller in a region of fiction and fancy, who used to sit for whole days on a ledge of rock, conjuring with "open sesame" before its smooth and perpendicular front, and wondering why the words of power had lost their influence-repeating them with all possible variation of tone and pronunciation, satisfied that some day or other would crown my efforts with success. O! where are those days and those dreams? those creations of instinct and undefined loveliness, which the young heart conured up to satisfy its early yearnings after physical and intellectual beauty; and which-though only more deeply shadowing the disappointment of its matured experience by their contrast with the realities of life-are still fondly cherished, and indelibly marked within the "book and volume of the brain." Is that Eden of existence forever closed? Shall we never again revel in the paradise of boyhood feeling? Is it gone, and forever, that spring-time of young feeling, which shed over nature's fairest forms an atmosphere of additional loveliness; invested even barrenness with beauty, and "made a sunshine in the shady place?"

Those glorious and gorgeous visions of the past, that come to us like faint but welcome glimpses of a pre-existent state—like memories of another being, are among the things that were—never, never to return. There is a gap in the history of existence—a period has dropped out of the life of man; and, like the lost pleiad, boyhood has fallen away from the human system. There are few boys now, nor have been for the last twenty or thirty years. Boys? no, no—the world has seen the last of the boys! Even the name is passing away with the reality.

The dear romance of boyhood!—more exquisite than its quicker delights, and throwing "on dazzling spots remote its tempting smile"—that, too, has departed with all its dreamy glory. No more will it return, and bring with it

"The days of sunshine and of song— Sweet, childish days, that were as long As twenty days are now."

Who now strolls out, in the shadows and sunny glimmerings, to indulge in the instinctive delight—the poetry of the spirit, in which the young heart loves to revel, ere the passions that build up the human soul, in their loud brattling, drown the entrancing music! Who hides him in the leafy nook, listening to the indistinct whisperings of his own spirit, shaping the mystic sounds into some undefined promise of future hope, and framing an elfin world of his own, into which some frag-

ments of the "work-day world" are admitted to give a seeming stability to his imaginary creation? No one now strolls, idly dreaming with his eyes open, in the sunny evening, by some quiet stream, while the mingled murmurs of the city come blended into music, like many a voice of one delight, to aid his sweet delusion. No, there are no dreams now, nor waking thoughts for any thing but business.

Perhaps we are a little too mournful over the present state of advanced boyhood; but we must say, we painfully regret to behold cigars in the mouths of overgrown children. We infinitely preferred the "hobby-de-hoy" in his tight jacket to the "young gent" in his "Chesterfeld." We remember a saying of "boys will be boys;" alas! that saying is obsolete; boys will be men now, and sorry specimens they make of the noble "genus." There is a mistake in the education of youth nowadays, and we think most of our readers will agree, that interests in railway shares and the privilege of a "latch-key" are somewhat prejudicial to the original constitution and positive well-being of boyhood.

#### THE DESERT ISLAND.

A MAN, immensely rich and very benevolent, wished one day to create the well-being of one of his slaves; he gave him his liberty, saying, "You see that ship loaded with merchandise—it is yours; leave—you are free: manage well that little fortune; it will be able to render you happy."

The slave embarked; but, when at some leagues distance from the shore, he saw the clouds gathering, and he knew that a tempest would not be long before it burst forth. Soon, in effect, the clouds seemed to struggle against each other, and the lightnings embraced them; those vivid lights, which were reflected in mountains of the agitated water, were followed by a deep obscurity; the noise of the thunder was repeated from afar, and the vessel struck suddenly against the rocks, near to a desert island.

The unfortunate slave saw at once the imminence of his peril; he seized a large piece of wood, which was his plank of safety, for the waves cast him upon the shore of the island.

The whole of his cargo was lost, as also three companions, who had wished to share the chances of his fortune; alone, deprived of all, he saw himself reduced to live upon roots, in awaiting the passage of some vessel. Despair was beginning to seize upon him, for he had wandered a long time, seeking in vain the track of a human habitation, when suddenly he perceived a procession of strange-looking men, who, without doubt, had seen his distress, for they came toward him, crying out, "Let us go to the help of our king!"

He believed at first they were madmen, but be was soon surrounded, saluted, and forced to ascend into a magnificent palanquin. They conducted him in triumph into a sumptuous palace; they dressed him in purple; and afterward crowned him. One of the inhabitants of the island, who seemed to command the others, invited the newly made king to seat himself upon a throne, and theu said to him:

"You are the king that the Lord has sent us. That old man," said he, pointing out a venerable man, "is your intimate counselor—you will never find him at fault." Then, followed by the other inhabitants, he retired, after having bowed respectfully.

The poor, shipwrecked man believed himself at first

to be under the influence of a dream, and strove to collect his thoughts.

"Do not be astonished," said the old man, who had remained near him, "I am going to explain that which

seems a mystery to you.

"This island is inhabited by spirits, who have obtained from God the favor of being governed by a son of Adam. Every year a shipwrecked man takes the place that you occupy, and your reign will last but a year; when that time shall have passed, you will see yourself despoiled of all your royal insignia; they will place you, as poor as you came, in a boat, which will be the toy of the winds, and which will bear you to a neighboring island, the most arid of any of this zone. You must employ, then, wisely this period of glory, if you wish to reserve to yourself a shelter against want and misery. You will be able to do so, in preparing yourself a refuge, for you will be sent away without pity."

"But what has become of my predecessors?" asked the new King; "have they known the fate which awaited

them after a reign of so short a duration?"

"All have been informed of it," replied the old man; "but most of them, dazzled with the passing splendor which surrounded them, forgot the time; others, fearing to trouble the happiness they felt by the preoccupations of the future, and, in a state of apparent infatuation, allowed the days, the months, and the year to pass, without thinking of their future fate. Almost all, wearied by my counsels, have exiled me. All have landed without resources upon the desert island that I have been speaking to you about, and they lead a miserable life, full of despair and remorse."

"But what means are there to escape this cruel des-

tiny?" asked, with anxiety, the King.

"You will be able to do so easily, by not losing a moment; the island upon which you will have to land is arid and a desert; make it habitable.

"The people over which you reign owe you obedience; you can dispose of many workmen, who will till those uncultivated lands; and, when verdure shall have replaced the sand, when rich harvests shall be prepared, you will find no want of companions to come and share your joy, and the abundance of your new country. That you may not lose time, always suppose that the year of your reign is to expire to-morrow."

These words of the wise counselor remained deeply impressed on the mind of the slave-king, and from the time he had taken the reins of his own state, he never lost sight in the preoccupations of the moment of the works of the future. He sent a party of his subjects, provided with all that was necessary, to plow and sow the island which was to be his last refuge; and the year was approaching its end, when the wise counselor came

and said to him smilingly:

"I see, with pleasure, that you have not been idle, as regards the future, during the short continuance of your reign. It is to-morrow that we are to separate. Poor, almost naked, you will be placed in the boat, which will take you to the island, which was sterile a year ago, but which is now flourishing. You are right not, to fear, for a lasting happiness will be your recompense. You have been above the passions, in disdaining that which flatters the senses and ambition: you have thought of your salvation.

"My mission is terminated, and I am delighted with the happiness that is in store for you."

The King remained thoughtful a moment after the

departure of the wise man; then he awaited with resignation the hour at which he was to leave.

Early the next day, the inhabitants came and took him away from his palace, and conducted him to the frail boat which was to carry him away.

Scarcely had he arrived upon the shore of that island, so much dreaded by his predecessors, when he felt himself overcome by a sense of infinite happiness.

From a desert, that island had become fertile; the inhabitants he had sent there had remained, and came with joy to meet him, exclaiming:

"We will never leave you. You are no longer a mortal, for happiness unbounded, and without end, is in store for you! Come, and enjoy in peace, the blessings that your provident and virtuous life has deserved."

Is it necessary to explain to you the meaning of this apologue? Have you not recognized that this slave, who arrives without resources in the Island of Spirits, is no other than Man, cast for a while upon Earth; his intimate counselor, Wisdom, which points out to him the aim of life? The reign of a year is the life of man—so short—so uncertain of lasting the moment which follows one of the pulsations of his arteries. The island rendered fertile, and where he is received to live in happiness eternal, was peopled by his good actions, which went before to receive him.

NOT ALL ALONE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Nor all alone; for thou canst hold Communion sweet with saint and sage; And gather gems, of price untold, From many a consecrated page: Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age, The poet's lore, are still thine own; Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage, O, how canst thou be all alone?

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call—
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft is his tenderest mercy shown;
Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!

CONSTANCY OF NATURE.

It is the same setting sun that we see and remember year after year, through summer and winter, seed-time and harvest. The moon that shines above our heads, or plays through the checkered shade, is the same moon that we used to read of in books of youth long ago. We see no difference in the irees first covered with

leaves in the spring. The dry reeds rustling on the side of a stream—the woods swept by the loud blast—the dark massy foliage of autumn—the gray trunks and naked branches of the trees in winter—the sequestered copse, and wide-extended heath—the glittering sunny showers, and December snows—are still the same, or accompanied with the same thoughts and feelings: there is no object, however trifling or rude, that does not in some mood or other find its way into the heart, as a link in the chain of our living being; and this it is that makes good that saying of the poet—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Thus nature is a kind of universal home, and in every object it presents to us an old acquaintance with unaltered looks; for there is that consent and mutual harmony among all her works, one undividing spirit pervading them throughout, that, to him who has well acquainted himself with them, they speak always the same well-known language, striking on the heart, amid unquiet thoughts and the tumult of the world, like the music of one's native tongue heard in some far-off country.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So shall it be when I grow old and die.
The child's the father of the man,
And I would have my years to be
Linked each to each by natural piety."

The daisy that first strikes the child's eye, in trying to leap over his own shadow, is the same that with timid upward glance implores the grown man not to tread upon it. The cuckoo, "that wandering voice," that comes and goes with the spring, mocks our ears with one note from youth to age; and the lapwing, screaming round the traveler's path, repeats forever the same sad story of Tereus and Philomel!

### LETTER FROM A DYING WIFE.

THE following most touching fragment of a Letter from a Dying Wife to her Husband was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen years:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G., some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts was at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, till at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear G., it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone into the dark val-

ley! 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and leaning upon His arm I 'fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its MAKER's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so-and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my SAVIOR's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours till glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, till gently fading from my view-the last of earth-you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G., where you will lay me: often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and which ever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your MARY's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, ' I am not lost, but gone before!" "

# PRAYER OF A CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL and touching, indeed, is the voice of infancy. We can never forget an incident which occurred in the history of a dear little, bright-eyed child, who had been lying before the parlor fire, and who, suddenly pausing in her disjointed, innocent chat, said that her eyes were heavy, and that she must go to sleep. Creeping closely up to our knee, and half asleep, she repeated very touchingly, to us, we must say, and certainly in the most musical of all still small voices, those lines which a loving elder sister had taught her:

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night, Through the darkness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer."

The prayer itself died away upon her lips, in almost indistinct murmurs, and she fell gently asleep. When lifting her up, she said, half opening her eyes and her lips:

> "Take me, when I die, to heaven; Happy there with Thee to dwell."

TRAIN the understanding. Take care that the mind has a stout and straight stem. Leave the flowers of wit and fancy to take care of themselves. Sticking them on will not make them grow. You can only ingraft them, by grafting that which will produce them.

#### NEW BOOKS.

THE SPECTATOR. By Joseph Addison. Complete in Two Volumes, (8vo.) H. S. & J. Applegate & Co.: Cincinnati. 1851 .- The style of Joseph Addison has never been surpassed, taken as a whole, by any English writer. Addison's only competitor, as we think, is our own Washington Irving. There is more strength in Junius, whoever he was, than in Addison or Irving; but the latter have a greater variety of exression, and more grace and beauty. Dr. Johnson has said, that he who would write well must give his days and nights to Addison. This is a pretty severe canon; but there is a great deal of truth in it. For fear the student would become an imitator, by such an exclusive perusal of a single great author, we would rather advise him to give that portion of his time, which he devotes to the study of prose composition, to the to form a correct taste for himself, for a long time should read little else than works of the first class of writers. He should become so accustomed to their easy, graceful, beautiful styles of writing, that his ear would be at once offended at every faulty specimen of diction. It may be his duty, it is true, for other purposes, to read productions of very imperfect execution; but, while using such works, he ought to counteract their influence on his taste by reading daily, or frequently, a few pages of such composition as that of Addison. Addison, in fact, if the student has no other standard, will be almost sufficient; and we are glad, therefore, as well as for many other reasons, to see such a house as the Applegates getting out so excellent an edition of the great English author.

CHAIN OF SACRED WONDERS; or a Connected View of Scripture Scenes and Incidents, from the Creation to the End of the Last Epoch. By Rev. S. A. Latta, A. M., M. D. Morgan & Overend: Cincinnati. Published Quarterly .- This is a republication of a work before given to the world in another form. We understand, that the portion before published has undergone a thorough revision, and that the publication will be continued for several years, till it has exhausted the themes it proposes to present. We have no doubt the work will be accentable to a large class of readers, and do no little good. We hope the undertaking may have success.

SERMONS OF REV. JOHN KING LORD, late Pastor of the First Orthodox Congregational Church in Cincinnati. an Introduction, by Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College. Perkins & Whipple: Boston. 1850 .- We had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the author of these sermons; and it gives us unseigned satisfaction to possess, in a permanent form, this collection of his writings. Mr. Lord, besides being a thorough scholar, was a thorough Christian. His abilities were good; his knowledge quite extensive; but his piety was more than equal to his learning. His leading personal trait was humility. He truly esteemed others better than himself. There was a sweet serenity, a sort of native meekness, in the ordinary expression of his countenance. His industry was another mark of character. He was always busy in his ministerial work. A great lover of books, dwelling in the loftiest sunlight of this world's intelligence, he was yet ever ready to come down from his mountain-top position as a student, to dive into the low thoroughfares of common life, whenever he saw opportunities of doing good to the bodies and the souls of men. Happy must have been that father, happier yet that mother, who had the privilege to call him son. The "introductory notice," above mentioned, indicates the mournful satisfaction of the surviving parent over his literary remains; and those remains, which we have not time to speak of critically, will abide as a pleasing proof of the talents, piety, and virtues of the man, who has left behind him many friends.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL NOTES AND DISCOURSES ON THE GOSPELS. Designed for Theological Students, Bible Classes, Families, etc. Composed with a View to meet the Infidel Objections of Paine, Bolingbroke, Herbert, and others. By Rev. Andrew Carroll. Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author: Cincinnati. 1851.—This work evinces a spirit of research and candor quite creditable to the author. We shall notice it more particularly in a future issue.

#### PERIODICALS.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for April contains, besides its usual amount of short reviews and notices of books, miscellanies, religious and literary intelligence, ten articles, as

1. Philosophy and Faith, by G. F. Holmes, Burk's Garden, Va., is a lengthy and scholastic article. It handles the moral philosophy of Morell, an English metaphysical writer, and Saisset, a writer of the French school, with deserved severity.

2. The Use of Mathematics in Education, by Dr. Charles Davies, is a very able paper, but it leans a little too much toward ultraism-a fault with some writers who devote the energies of their lives solely to one object.

3. Elizabeth Fry-is a practical and most valuable article, and abounds with extracts from her letters and journal. It is probably the most interesting article of the number.

4. Bishop Butler-a fine synopsis of the life of the great author of that great work, The Analogy of Religion.

5. Spiritual Interpretation of Isaiah IV, by Rev. Nelson Rounds, aims a severe blow at German Rationalism, and such writers as conceal a grain of sense under a mountain of words.

6. An Earnest Ministry-very brief, but very suggestive and important.

7. Sir Thomas Browne, by Rev. B. H. Nadal, Baltimore, is a well-written and deserved eulogy on this ancient London physician and writer.

8. Divine Providence-discusses the various theories of Divine providence, and adopts that which admits natural law. but which claims that concurrent aid from God is essential for the continued existence of matter, and for the exercise of all active powers with which the creature is endowed.

9. Rev. Joseph Entwisle is a most interesting biographical article, abounding with extracts from the Journal and correspondence of one who was for fifty-four years a most faithful and laborious Wesleyan minister.

10. Mechanics is a very brief notice of an Elementary Treatise in Mechanics, by Dr. Smith, of the Wesleyan University, and also of the Elements of Natural Philosophy, by Dr. Bartlett, of West Point

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April brings us the following list of articles:

1. Robinson's Greek Lexicon of the New Testament-a lengthy but a well-tempered and instructive article. It gives high praise to Dr. Robinson, both as a divine and a philologist; and praise toward a really orthodox minister from the North American is no small thing. Our own little notice of this Lexicon, in a former number, has created such a sensation that we forbear any remarks here on Greek.

8. The Seven Lamps of Architecture discusses the Lamp of Sacrifice, the Lamp of Truth, the Lamp of Power, the Lamp of Beauty, the Lamp of Life, the Lamp of Memory, and the Lamp of Obedience. The article is unique, and hence quite readable.

3. Thierry's Studies in History-a review of a French work.

4. Peabody's Christian Consolations-this article, and those which follow, are unread, and we, of course, can not speak of their merits.

5. Elementary Works on Physical Science, 6. Phillips on Protection and Free Trade.

Arnold & Merivale: The History of Rome.

Coues on Mechanical Philosophy.

9. Richard Edney.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February contains nine articles, all of which are finely written and interesting. British and Continental Ethics and Christianity, Rome and the Italian Revolution, Philip Doddridge, Neander, and the Social Position of Woman, have specially pleased us. We may refer to the number in detail in our next.

BLACEWOOD'S MAGAZINE for April, as usual, is well filled both with prose and poetic articles. A bitter political spirit too often pervades the columns of this magazine, which adds nothing to its reputation for candor with moderate men of any political party.

### NEWSPAPERS.

Ir life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest! If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters! If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return till the twilight shadows gather round his pathway!

When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you to look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

It is no tenderness to the dying patient to conceal from him the knowledge of his disease; nor is it tenderness to the spiritually dead to speak peace where there is no peace.

Pliny says, that in his day a cloth was made of asbestos, which, discolored or covered with dirt, was cleaned by throwing it into a hot fire. Shrouds were made of it, and the bodies of the dead burnt therein, so as to prevent the mixture of wood-ashes with those of which the funeral pile was composed. And it is thus used in Tartary for the same purpose.

The orthodox length of a sermon at the Royal Chapel of Queen Victoria is twenty minutes. George II fixed this standard, as he could not stand a longer discourse without

going to sleep.

To those who have no hope beyond this life, what is it but one long care for its physical wants, one long struggle with its moral evils? Pleasures and pains alike destroy its energies, and there is probably a period in every one's existence, when the soul as earnestly desires the repose of the grave as the body does the rest and quiet of the night.

Thoughts, melancholy and gav, careless and bitter, how, like innumerable fairy fingers, they are ever playing on that mysterious harp—the human soul! Who can trace them through their long, continuous courses, or define their dim and shadowy relations with each other? Every human soul is a volume in itself, bound together by reason, though fancy may

vary and gild its pages.

"I never," says Pope, "could speak in public. And I don't believe, if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with great pleasure. When I appeared for the Bishop of Rochester, on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point—how that Bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley—I made two or three blunders in it, notwithstanding the row of lords, which was all I could see, were mostly of my acquaintance."

The most eminent German authors are not badly paid; in fact, the writers of scientific works are as well if not better rewarded in Germany than elsewhere. Dieffenbach received for his book on Operative Surgery some \$3,500; and Perthes, the publisher of Hamburg, has paid to Neander, on the sales of a single work, more than \$20,000, exclusive of the interest his heirs still have in it. Poets like Uhland, Freiligrath, Lenau, Geibel, have also received as much as \$6,000 or \$12,000 on the sales of a single little volume.

Shelton, in one of his sermons, says, "An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural, and as one part is better supported by another, so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful."

By the aid of a microscope the moldy substance on damp bodies sometimes appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits can be clearly distinguished.

Melancthon was reproached by some one for changing his views on a certain subject. He replied, "Do you think, sir, that I have been studying assiduously for thirty years without having learned any thing?"

All the succession of time, all the things in rature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man and every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and call us to look how the old sexton, Time, throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, he replied, "Not to be credited when he speaks the truth." If the sun were a globe of gold, and each star a diamond the moon a ball of silver, and the earth a pearl of great value, one soul would be worth more than they all; and yet the sinner values his soul less than he does a few rusty silver dollars, or the transitory pleasures of sin for a season.

It has been beautifully said, that "the vail which covers the face of Futurity is woven by the hands of Mercy." Seek not to raise that vail, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles of gladness.

Happiness and sorrow are the measures of our mortal life. We willingly record the moments of gladness, and sorrow's hours make their own impress.

Could we all resolve to do as much good as is in our power, acting upon the resolution, what incalculable happiness might we win for ourselves, what gladness might we diffuse over the existences of others!

There is a mutual hate between the virtuous and the vicious, the spiritual and the sensual; but the pure abhor understandingly, knowing the nature of their antagonists, while the vile nurse an ignorant malignity, pained with an acknowledged ache of envy.

Good-breeding is a guard upon the tongue. The misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes, and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home.

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by the influence of friends, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

Dr. Franklin, in summing up the domestic evils of drunkenness, says, "Houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals, or manners."

There are two classes of persons who can afford to be modest: those who possess a large amount of knowledge, and those who have but little.

It was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle, which says, "I do one thing at a time."

The honor is not in being either master or servant, but in performing the duties of either relation well; and the dishonor belongs to neither, but to the neglect of the duties which the nature of the station imposes.

There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful mind than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God.

Some men are like the Moravians, who make gardens of their graveyards; others like the ancient Jews, who made graveyards of their gardens.

A kind word will often tell more than the severest reproof, and a sigh of sorrow make a far deeper impression than an open censure.

Enjoyment is more durable than pain. The one is the immortal firmament, and the other the transient clouds which darken it for a time.

Sir W. Temple says, that the first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good-humor; and the fourth, wit.

If we are not content with such things as we have, we shall never be satisfied with such things as we desire.

To think is the proper use of mind, and it is astonishing to find how little this trite truth is recognized.

Better by far not start an object, if its pursuit is to be aban-

doned at the first difficulty.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his de-

scendants, home is Paradise.

A cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her hus-

band's mind is tossed with storms.

Kindness, like the gentle breath of spring, melts the icy

heart.
In Europe, people take off their hats to great men; in Amer-

ica, great men take off their hats to the people.

Cashmere shawls take a long time to make. A shawl is often in the frame more than a year.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONCE more, indulgent reader, we offer you our editorial hand, hoping it may be taken as kindly as it has been so many times before. Whatever the rest of the world may have been about, yourself and ourself have always been good friends. Let us always be so. Friendship is the joy of life. We would rather have one real friend than all the flattery given to the great.

Every body, we suppose, has his beau ideal of a happy life. We have ours. Had we no work to do, while stopping upon this little planet called Earth, our beau ideal would be to search out some humble, retired, quiet spot, where the grass grows green, where the flowers spring, where the sweet birds haunt, where the music of the little waters might be heard, and spend there, in perfect oblivion of the common world of trickery and trade, the remnant of our days. We should want no lordly mansion, but a little vine-covered cottage, that could be built for a few hundred dollars. We should want a few acres of mellow soil, which we could cultivate with our own hands, and thus raise what food and fruits our little family might need. We should want a library of choice books, the classics of all lands and languages. We should want, if it could be found, one honest, truthful, faithful newspaper or magazine, in each of the leading departments of human We should want a sound, well-read, experienterprise. enced physician, who gave his life to his profession, and not to gossip, to politics, or to worldly strife. We should want a humble, devoted, enlightened, industrious minister, who should feel himself to be the representative of Jesus Christ, who lost no time in idleness, but "went about doing good." We should want a community of sober, peaceable, religious people, who would make it a point to meddle with nothing but their own business, who would be willing to live like brothers and sisters, and who would care more about informing their minds, improving their hearts, and educating in virtuous habits the rising generation, than about all the novelties, vanities, and frivolities of life. On such a spot, with such society, blessed with the approval of a good conscience and the smile of God, we would rejoice to draw out the re-mainder of our years. The great things of the world have no charm for us. We have seen enough of them. The man of princely fortune, in his princely mansion, living in his princely style, in any of our grandest cities, is not to be compared to the man whose condition is such as I have here described. What the public are hunting after is greatness. What they have lost is humility. What they will never find, till they seek it in that more moderate scheme of life, which characterized the early inhabitants of our once democratic country, is happiness.

There are some, we suppose, who will not coincide with this estimate of things. There are many young men, born and bred in the country, who are looking forward to the time when they can become residents of some large city, as the great era of their life. When they happen to visit one, they see such outward indications of happiness, such splendid houses, such gay streets, such gorgeous equipages, such brilliancy and beauty in every thing they behold, that they go away enchanted. Vanity of vanities! Let such young men look behind the scenes a little. Let them enter some of those marble palaces, and witness the care that lives in confinement in them. Let them examine more narrowly those streets, and think of the toiling misery that ranges itself, half a square deep, on both sides, behind the fairy-land windows of those stores and shops. Let them, in fancy at least, sit on the damask cushions of those vehicles of fashionable families, and listen to the self-punishing slander, the soul-eating gossip, the deep heartsighs of real sorrow, that all this luxuriance costs. Let them get beyond the surface of this maze of gayety, dive into the damp cellars of poverty, ascend into the back chambers of sin and suffering, go out into all the secret haunts of infamy and wretchedness, and the illusion will break like an iris-covered soap-bubble at the finger-touch of the child that toys with it.

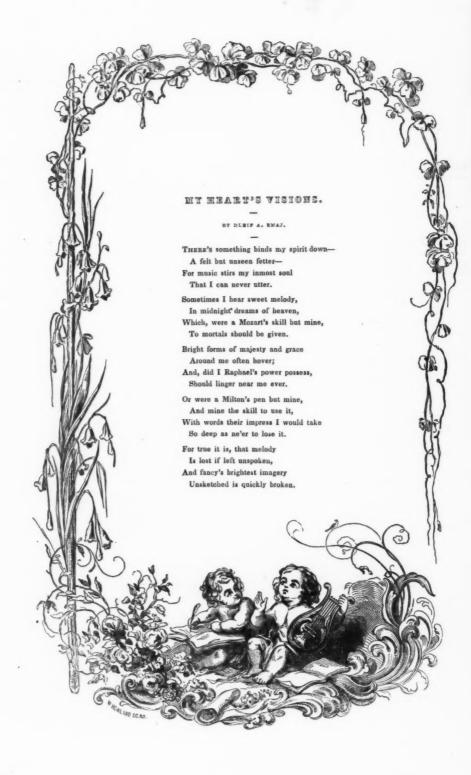
No, my young friend; the city is not the place you think it is. There is more peace, more happiness, more joy, in the humble dwelling of your parents, than in all the cities of the

world. Those parents are your best friends. You will never find, if you travel over all the earth, any to be compared with them. Those whom you will have to call friends, when you get away from home, will stand by you while you prosper, but forsake you when frowned upon by fortune. Many of those, whom you take in exchange for those that truly love you, will rob you of your last shilling, if they can do it according to the customary but heartless code of worldly traffic. Listen to us, young man. If you have a quiet home, be it ever so humble, in a healthy country neighborhood, where you can get an honest living by honest labor, and retain the enjoyment of your father's counsel, and your mother's daily blessing, stay there. You never can make yourself happier than you now are. You have a father there. He is the only one you will ever have. You have a mother there. Thank God for the priceless boon. The world beyond your home may have many splendors; but you will find no mother in it. O that blessed woman! Young man, you do not know her value. You know nothing of her. You think you realize how much she loves you; but, we repeat, you know the very next thing to nothing. She is the being that has given her life to you. There have been whole years in your existence. when your welfare, your wants, were not out of her mind one minute. Her very sleep was a half-waking sleep, year after year, lest you should have a want, that she might not take notice of and gratify. All your steps were guided by her. She has saved you from a thousand deaths. Health, friends, all things, were sacrificed for your good, for your enjoyment. All you are, you owe to her. And now, after all these expenditures of love, should you ever meet with trouble, should sickness lay you low, should misfortune be your lot, should all the world forsake you, your mother would cling the closer to you. never will forsake you. In prosperity she rejoices with you. In adversity she weeps with you. Should you be thrown into prison, or banished, she will come to you through any amount of hazard, and pour out her life for you. We charge you, therefore, young man, leave not such a friend, till you find yourself compelled to do it. The peaceful dwelling of your father, the house made blessed by your mother, and cheered by the presence of your brothers and sisters, you will-never find again, should you visit all lands, or make your residence in the gayest of their cities.

The Massacre of the Innocents, our first plate, will bring vividly to the mind of the reader that dreadful tragedy enacted by Herod, the King of Judea, whose name will ring in eternal infamy. "When he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, Herod was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

Lake Champlain, our second embellishment, is a most lovely sheet of water. A picture of charming beauty is drawn by Dr. Dixon, in his Tour in America, respecting a scene which he witnessed on its waters, and which all of our readers who have examined his book will readily call to mind. M'Donough's victory over the British, on this Lake, in the year 1814, is familiar to the mind of every reader of American history. The battle took place in Cumberland Bay, which lies directly in front of the town of Plattsburg.

The present is a period of great musical excitement throughout the country. Jenny Lind has turned the world upside down. We make no objections to her fame. We presume she is worthy of it. We do object, however, to the prices of admission, and to the places where she sometimes sings; and though we had the offer of free tickets to her concerts, we could not accept them, and thereby encourage what we believe to be, to some extent, a waste of money, when the sick and the destitute are on every side of us, pining for the want of it. Such sentiments, we know, will not be popular; but we sometimes risk saying an unpopular thing for the sake of a good object.













# I LOVE TO SING.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.



# I LOVE TO SING .- CONTINUED.



blend-eth;